Volume XI. Number 12.

The UNITARIAN

DECEMBER, 1896.

CONTENTS:

Obligation . . . *Rev. Hilary Bygrave* 529
Christmas Cheer . . *William Brunton* 532
The Unitarian Church and Charity *William P. Fowler* 532
Our Message to the Modern World *Rev. Frank Wright Pratt* 536
Our Churches: First Unitarian Society of Philadelphia 539
A Word to the Beginner in Browning *Esther C. Jennings* 542
Victor Hugo's Creed *James E. Bagley* 547
A Christmas Story . . *Clara K. Daly* 548
To the People . . *John W. Chadwick* 550
The Sinlessness of Jesus . . . . . *Martha Perry Lowe* 553
Fossils and Failures . . . . . *John Van Schaick, Jr.* 554
The Finest of the Wheat, *Pastor Quiet* 556
A Village Priest 557
One Upward Look Each Day 558
Editorial 560
Departments:
American Unitarian Association . . *George Batchelor* 563
Sunday-schools . *Edward A. Horton* 564
Temperance Work . . *C. R. Eliot* 565
National Alliance of Unitarian Women . . . . *Alice P. Jackson* 566
Books 567
The Guarantee Plan 568
Children's Corner:
The Dog's Christmas-tree, *Estelle M. Hart* 569
The Christmas-tree and its History 569
The Coming of the New Year . . . 570 *Maud L. Cotton*

Jan 97 Eliot Rev T L

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

Athol, Mass. . . . 571
Berkeley, Cal. . . 571
Bernardston, Mass. 571
Boston, Mass. . . 572
Brockton, Mass. . 572
Chelsea, Mass. . . 572
Chicago, Ill. . . . 572
Concord, N.H. . . 573
Hyde Park, Mass. . 573
Keene, N.H. . . . 573
Lowell, Mass. . . 573
Middleboro, Mass. 573
Needham, Mass. . 573
New York, N.Y. . 574
Oakland, Cal. . . 574
Philadelphia, Pa. . 574
Redlands, Cal. . . 574
Reno, Nev. . . . 575
Rowe, Mass. . . . 575
Salem, Mass. . . . 575
San Bernardino, Cal. 575
San Diego, Cal. . . 575
San Francisco, Cal. 575
Santa Barbara, Cal. 576
Santa Maria, Cal. . 576
Springfield, Mass. . 576
St. Louis, Mo. . . 576

GEO. H. ELLIS, PUBLISHER, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, MASS.

AGENTS FOR ENGLAND: H. RAWSON & CO., 16 NEW BROWN ST., MANCHESTER.

[Entered at the Post-office at Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.]

One Dollar per Year. Single Copy, 10 Cents.

The Unitarian Unites

By carrying to each parish and each home the message of Jesus,—love to God and love to man.

In supporting the *Unitarian*, you aid in uniting our denominational interests, you advance the cause of practical religion, and bring nearer the day of spiritual Christian unity.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS SAY:—

"I am helped so much."

"The *Unitarian* keeps us in touch with our fellow-workers."

"Go on: every number makes us want more."

"I read the *Unitarian* more thoroughly than any other in my monthly pile of magazines."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT: Articles for publication, books intended for review, and all literary communications should be addressed to the editor, **141 Franklin Street, Boston.**

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT: Subscriptions and all business communications should be sent to **Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston,** to whom all drafts and money or express orders should be made payable.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: To subscribers in the United States and Canada, One Dollar a year in advance, postage free. To foreign subscribers, $1.25 in American money or 5 shillings in English money.

A PACKAGE OF TEN COPIES, to one address, to be used for missionary purposes, will be sent for $5.00.

SAMPLE COPIES of THE UNITARIAN will be sent free on application.

THE UNITARIAN *will continue to be sent to subscribers until a request is received to discontinue, and until all arrearages are paid.*

One Dollar for Twelve Months.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, - - 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

The UNITARIAN

Volume XI. DECEMBER, 1896 Number 12.

OBLIGATION.

SERMON BY REV. HILARY BYGRAVE, BELMONT, MASS.

"I am debtor both to the Greeks and the Barbarians; both to the wise and the unwise. So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you also that are in Rome: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."— ROM. i. 14–16.

Here speaks a just and magnanimous soul, without false pride, and with just as little false humility. Not all of us are candid or generous enough to acknowledge the obligations of which we must be conscious. Many streams contribute to the greatness of the Mississippi or the Nile. Every sort of human skill or greatness has derivations reaching a long way back from itself. The poorest kind of conceit is often that which prides itself on being self-made or self-taught. The man who makes most of himself is the man who makes the best use of the opportunities and the material common alike to all. The finest talent, the most conspicuous success, is not rooted in dry ground. It grows, and can only grow out of a rich alluvial soil,—the deposit of ages and energies of the past.

The most glaring illustration of colossal pride in all the realm of sacred literature is the utterance of the haughty king who said, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" It is the type of an arrogance not yet wholly extinct. It takes a large and generous soul to frankly acknowledge the debt he owes to God and his fellow-creatures. Compare this outrageous boast with the saying of the Psalmist, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." Place it alongside the utterance of the text where the Apostle declares the *interrelation* of every known phase of humanity. He honestly confesses his indebtedness to the Greek and the barbarian, the Roman and the Jewish races, and in the same breath claims that the gospel of Christ, as he conceived it, had much to contribute in return.

Let us follow his thought, and come to some understanding, if we may, of the influences that have been tributary to our modern life and thought.

What has the barbarian contributed? What obligations are we under to him? Let the ancient aqueducts and the Old World roads, let the pyramids and famous buildings and bridges reply in part. Our own tunnels, canals, and railroads will tell the same story. He it is who has ever done the rough, hard work of the world,—the preliminary tasks that lie at the base of the proudest civilizations. He laid the foundations—often his very bones form the foundation—of all that is beautiful in Greece, of all that is grand in Rome, of all that is solid in England, of all that serves the practical activities of America. The barbarian has always been the beast of burden to his brother of higher degree, of more learning, or of more self-control. The ancient Huns and Goths have ceased to be, the fierce Keltic and Teutonic races have well-nigh vanished; and yet the barbarian is with us still, and plays his part in this vast, strange life of ours. You will find him still a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, cutting timber, blasting granite, digging coal. We owe him a vast debt for the work he has done and is doing; and we owe him a vaster debt still for that strain of virility and

strength he is, age after age, infusing into the veins of our common humanity.

The more cultivated races would perish, die of over-refinement, die of luxury and inglorious sloth, did they not every now and then get themselves inoculated and renewed by the blood of a more barbaric race. Nature is sometimes doing a fine stroke of business when we make great moan over our son marrying beneath him, or our daughter wedding some man of an alien land. Up from the burning core below, up from full-blooded and brawny bodies come our *natural* strength, the qualities of virility and endurance, the virus that makes and keeps a nation strong. So we cannot do without the barbarian. We are under vast indebtedness to him. To him we should be willing to carry the gospel of Christ and any other gospel of light and knowledge of justice and love, that he may cease being merely an animal, a mere brute beast of burden, as he still too commonly is in the mining regions of Pennsylvania and Tennessee; and get some glimmerings of better things, some ambition to become something other and better than he and his kind have been in the past. The barbarian has ever been a dangerous element to trifle with. Again and again has his master-brother used him and played with him and tyrannized over him, only to be crushed or ruined by him in the end. We have the barbarian with us in altogether too large a force. In some places and some States he is such an unsightly and such an unseemly fact that it cannot be pleasant living with him. It is the veriest political cant to speak of him as the American workingman. He has been drawn here by capitalistic greed, or by the very necessities of the situation. He has yet to be Americanized. Along this line lies his only salvation and our own. If we cannot Americanize him, if we cannot preach the gospel to him and act out the gospel in our dealings with him, then he will be an increasing menace to the peace and stability of our land. We owe him more than the bare living wage which capitalistic greed or the exigencies of the situation will pay him. For his sake and for our own we must somehow manifest and get into him, into his home and habits of life, somewhat of the mind and heart of Christ. We are under obligations to him, and we ought not to be too indifferent or too proud to help pry him out of the sub-soil of barbarism.

What do we owe the Greek? What has he contributed to our general welfare? Love and appreciation of all that is beautiful to the eye and the mind. From him comes all our delight in form and feature. He gave us architecture, painting, and poetry. The graceful Corinthian pillar and the divine forms of Aphrodite and Apollo come from him. From him come all the delights and charms of speculative and philosophic thought. He was a worshipper of the beautiful and a lover of the arts. Surely you see how vast a debt we owe to him, how powerfully for good or ill he is influencing this modern life of ours! It is nothing new to say, "How Greek the Yankee is becoming!" And it is intended as a compliment and not as a slur. The rigid lines of Puritanism are assuming graceful curves. We are becoming lovers of the lovely, and are in great danger of selling our souls for what delights the eye or feasts the senses. Our love and desire of all that's bright and fair shake and threaten our conscientiousness and our moral sense. We are all inclined to be more lovers of pleasure than of good or God. We are very likely to degenerate into that softness and voluptuousness into which the Greek's love and delight in beauty so easily slid. His love of beauty became his undoing. In his balmy air, beneath his genial sky, wrapped in adoration of the lovely shapes his genius had evoked, he lost moral tone and fibre, and sank into decay. The lesson is obvious. The Greek spirit that is abroad needs to be informed with the mind and heart of Christ. Love of beauty will not save us, but only love of love and love of truth and justice. We need still the strength and piety of the Puritan. Without these all surface adornment is vain, as vain as a palace made of glittering stucco. Have these,—the love of God, the love of Christ, and the love of our fellow-men in our hearts,—then to the extent of our ability we may indulge ourselves in the graces and adornments of life, and blend the love of beauty with the love of truth and humanity. Let Christ come into your love of literature, your love of music, your love of the arts, your love of all lovely and delightful things,

and your heart will be kept true to its own best feeling and to the best good of your fellow-creatures.

Specially and plainly let me say to you, young people, that you cannot be lovely in character and life, in face, form, or manners, without being good, without being pure, without being of a gracious spirit and a loving heart. Lovely things and delightful surroundings will neither save your soul nor satisfy your heart,—a truth that must have come home to some of you as you in your travels gazed upon the beautiful parks and palaces of Prince Rudolf of Bavaria, from which, in disgust of himself and of life, the unhappy man rushed to drown himself in one of his most charming lakes. Nothing can save your soul or satisfy your heart but the love of God, the love of Christ, and the love of man. We need the gospel of love, of mercy, and of human helpfulness to sanctify and consecrate the most beautiful and charming as well as the more barbaric and ill-developed forms of life.

What do we owe to Rome? What obligations are we under to the most splendid type of civilization long since extinct? We are indebted to ancient Rome for all our loftiest conceptions and realizations of government, of order, and of law. Next to the Hebrew stands our obligation to the Roman. Each great race in its turn has left some gift to the world. The barbarian contributes his natural strength, his pure blood, his flesh and bones unweakened by diseases born of ease and vice. The Greek contributes his thoughts and visions of eternal beauty. The Roman his love of eternal law. As one of the great Roman writers himself says: "It is for others to work brass into breathing shapes; others may be more eloquent, or describe the circling movements of the heavens, and tell the rising of the stars. Thy work, O Roman! is to rule the nations."

Rome still rules the world in so far as the world, or the nations of the world, are living under good government, good order, and just laws. The nations of the earth are all right, have in them the conditions of permanent growth and prosperity, in so far as they are true to the spirit of government and order and law that animated the Roman republic before she slipped into the vices and corruptions of the later empire.

Are we going that way too? Sometimes it seems so in our more pessimistic moods, when we look only upon the equally heartless manifestations of the spirit of hopeless anarchy and the spirit of conscienceless and rapacious greed. The only thing that carries with it the elements of salvation from these two extreme evils, these two most dangerous tendencies, is the power of God in the spirit and teaching of the gospel of Christ. The gospel of Christ sincerely taught, not as an artificial scheme or expedient to fit man for some other world-blessedness or to save him from unpleasant experiences in some after life, but to inspire him to live this life well as part of a whole and not one by himself alone,—the gospel of Christ, sincerely taught and sincerely lived, can alone save us from the doom of Rome. The splendor of republican Rome is fast becoming ours. That the corruption and vice and effeminacy of the later empire may not be ours as well, let us take more seriously to heart the spirit and teaching of the gospel. Paul was not ashamed of the gospel, not ashamed or afraid to preach it even in imperial Rome. The surviving spirit of Rome needs it no less than the still reigning spirit of Greece, or the wild upheavals of lingering barbarism.

Lastly, what do we owe the Hebrew? What is our indebtedness to the Jew? Multiform and vast. Too various and too great for me at this time to explain. Only at one gift can I hint, and that is his genius for righteousness. Perhaps that sounds a little strange to you. But you are not to think of the Jew as you too commonly know him,—as he comes here, having been kicked and cuffed and oppressed for centuries in other parts of the world, and having learned craftiness and cunning and a love of easily portable valuables under this process. You are to think of the Jew in his best estate, when none dared to make him afraid, when he felt himself to be the specially favored son of God, and when his genius voiced itself in what still remains the grandest literature of the world. And his grandest gift to the world has been his thought and love of righteousness as the essential fact of life, the only foundation of personal or of national prosperity and peace. His faith in righteousness grew out of his thought of a righteous God. "The Lord is

righteous in all his ways. The righteous shall inherit the earth. Righteousness exalteth a nation. The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. They that hate the righteous shall be desolate. The Lord upholdeth the righteous; but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down."

That is Israel's great message to the world. On everything, on every act, on every thought, should be inscribed, "Holiness in the Sight of God." The glory of Israel can never be wholly lost. Israel stands alone among the nations with its genius for righteousness and knowledge of the Eternal, in whom our life is hid. "To Israel pertained the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God and the promises. To Israel belong the fathers of our faith; and to Israel much more might have belonged than the fathers and the promises, had the nation proved worthy of its high calling, and faithful to the trust implied in its lofty heritage; 'of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came,— came unto his own, and his own received him not.'"

Let us not neglect his gift; let us not forget his message, as he himself forgot it when he condemned the innocent Christ, the finest fruitage and flowering of his race, and would have none of the broad humanity, none of the universal compassion and all-embracing love of the spirit and teaching of Jesus. The spirit of the Hebrew needs the spirit of the Christ. The gift of the Jew — his sense of unyielding rectitude, of inexorable righteousness, needs the "setting" and the finish of the gospel of love, of the story of the Good Shepherd, the Good Samaritan, and the Prodigal Son. Truth and mercy, righteousness and love, must kiss each other to make our faulty lives complete. The surviving spirit of the ancient Hebrew, the spirit of exclusiveness; any thought that we only are the people of the Lord; the absence of a broad inclusive humanitarian spirit; any sense of rectitude or righteousness that manifests itself in hate of the sinner more than hate of his sin, all this needs to be supplemented by the gospel, that teaches that,

"Where pity dwells, the love of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer."

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

When all are glad, we must be glad,
And echo well the glee;
No face can keep a look that's sad
Around the Christmas tree;
No heart must bear its burdens more,
But drop them where it stands.
The mind on care must cease to pore,
We walk in happy lands;
A heavenly blessedness is sent
To every hearth and home,
The dear child life to all is lent,
The Christ to each doth come.
So let us carol in our cheer,
A song for Christmas old,
Let's wish our friends a bright new year,
And happiness untold!

A new star shines, the angels sing,
The wise ones wander far,
They gifts of gladness freely bring,
And bless the Christmas star.
It is a time when goodness reigns,
When truce is sent to strife,
When we forget our griefs and pains
And come to love's pure life.
We presents make with largess free,
We hold the angel heart;
As one great family are we
And act a brother's part.
So let us sing the boundless cheer
The choral sung of old,
Let's wish our friends a glad new year,
And hearts all true and bold!

—*William Brunton.*

THE UNITARIAN CHURCH AND CHARITY.

BY WILLIAM P. FOWLER.

The Church and charity have ever been closely linked together from the time when our Master bade us give a cup of cold water in His name, and to visit the sick and the prisoners. But it is only in later times that the true relations of the two have been fully recognized; and it is largely due to exponents and adherents of Unitarianism that we owe the rapid progress made in the last fifty years toward a correct understanding of these matters.

The activity of our liberal Church along the line of philanthropic work has been fully treated by Prof. Peabody in his admirable address on Unitarians and Philanthropy, delivered at the Saratoga Confer-

ence a few years ago. That interesting and convincing essay demonstrated that most of the men and women prominent in the philanthropic enterprises which have been so marked a feature of the nineteenth century have been of our liberal faith. Channing, Tuckerman, Bellows, and Dorothea Dix were among the leaders in these movements.

It is to these and such as these that we owe the better definition of charity which is now generally accepted. As in the modern version of the New Testament love has taken the place in St. Paul's blessed trinity so long held by Charity, with her sisters Faith and Hope, so the modern, or scientific, version of charity has in turn substituted love for the charity of old. No mere giving of alms contents the charity worker of the present time. One's self must go with the gift, or it is indeed bare and of no avail. The days when one could salve his soul and absolve his sins by a dole of food or flannels or a superfluous dollar have gone by, never to return. The charity worker now spends much more time in caring for the poor, and strives to befriend rather than merely to aid his suffering fellow-creature. He cares for the mind and soul as well as for the body. He looks beyond the immediate suffering to its remote causes and seeks to remove them. He even strives to look ahead into the dark future and to brighten it with friendly care and wise prevision. Such is the charity of this latter part of the century. What are the relations which our Unitarian churches, with their advanced ideas in all religious matters, bear to this advanced charity ?

The answer to this question is to be found by examining the active work of particular churches as connected with charity, rather than the philanthropic undertakings in which individuals connected with Unitarian churches have borne a prominent part. Let us consider the work done by our churches in the line of charity at the present time, and see how that work can be made more useful to humanity, and how the churches can be uplifted and made stronger by it.

There is considerable difficulty in ascertaining with any degree of accuracy just what is done by our churches in the way of charitable work. A great difference exists among them, both as to the ends sought and the means used to attain those ends. It is safe to say, however, that in the majority of our churches the chief aim is to take care, or some care, of every poor family attached to the parish by the attendance of one of its members upon the church services. This laudable purpose to look after one's own flock, which is common to all religious societies, does not go far enough. Nor is it carried out with that absolute thoroughness and consistency which it deserves. The aid given is apt to be dependent upon the caprice of some one or more of the prominent women of the parish. It is almost sure to be given as a result of the appeal, and oftentimes of the insistence, of the recipient, instead of being carefully and prayerfully apportioned to the future as well as immediate needs of the family by an experienced committee, always alert to anticipate the wants of their less fortunate fellow worshippers. Moreover, the money placed at the command of the almoners of the church is, as a rule, inadequate to the proper treatment of the cases arising in the parish. The amount to be distributed ordinarily depends upon the attendance upon some charity lecture, or some service at which a collection is taken up for the purpose; and that attendance is dependent upon the clerk of the weather, or the prominence of the speaker. A regular and sufficient income ought to be provided each year by personally canvassing the society for subscriptions, or by some annual fair or feast, the attendance upon which would be a pleasurable duty.

The immediate charge of the church, the care of the poor families attendant upon its services, should be undertaken systematically and by a permanent board or society, and not left to the chance ministrations of a benevolent few. Close co-operation with all the other charitable agencies of the town or city ought to be cultivated, to the end that duplication may be avoided, and that adequate relief may be insured. Many families have been found to be receiving aid from two or more churches and from public or semi-public sources, yet not one of the different benefactors knew that the others were giving. When knowledge of this kind is regularly distributed among all the different givers, it becomes possible to save money for other worthy families and to put an end to much deceit.

When the church has many dependants upon its bounty and feels unable to care wholly for all its own poor, co-operation enables it to piece out its own help by the money and assistance of other societies or by public aid. It is always desirable, and the bounden duty of every church, to adequately provide for the wants of all the poor people who are connected with it. It is a duty which is quite as important as having a good choral service at one end of the church or good preaching at the other end. But great care should be taken to make sure that the charity of the church is not wasted upon impostors,—people whose attachment to the church is by the tenuous thread of self-interest, who go to one church so long as they can profit by its alms, and are quick to sever the connection whenever they see any signs of close scrutiny into their needs.

Families have been known to change their religion as many as four times, for the sake of the loaves and fishes and other material comforts which they could wheedle out of different church committees. Sometimes the children are judiciously distributed among the various Sunday-schools in the town, so as to secure enough assistance in the aggregate to enable the head of the family to indulge his predilections for a life of indolence.

There are other channels into which the charitable activities of the liberal churches should flow. The various philanthropies of the town should find a hearty support from our people. Some committee should see to it that the church furnishes its quota of volunteer visitors to the charity organization societies, whose noble motto—"Not alms but a friend"—necessitates the constant employment of a large body of men and women whose duty it is to visit regularly one or more poor families, and help them out of their troubles as they arise. The vacancies constantly occurring in the ranks of these visitors, by reason of removal or death, need to be filled up with recruits from the various churches. In this work of scientific charity, the Unitarians have ever been especially interested; and in Boston, particularly, a large proportion of the workers in the Associated Charities are Unitarians. One reason why this work is so congenial to our people is because of the strict prohibition of all kinds of proselyting which is insisted upon in the by-laws of the society.

In the way of co-operation, nothing is more important than exchanging information between the various relief-giving societies and the church. This involves the registration of families helped, and is oftentimes objected to as giving a sort of publicity to matters which it were better to keep wholly secret. The objection would have weight were it not that the only people to be informed about the case are those actually interested in it as almoners. The information is furnished only for the purpose of comparing notes as to amount of aid given, amount needed, proper sources from which it can be obtained, etc. It is as far as possible removed from the objectionable pandering to vulgar curiosity which marks the columns of our newspapers, whose unfeeling reporters penetrate into the homes of the poor, and publish every detail of their sufferings with the ostensible purpose of procuring relief, but in reality, for the sake of increasing the circulation of the papers.

In many of our churches it is doubtless true that the number of poor families connected with the society is very small, not large enough to engage the attention of the charity committee for any great length of time, or to make any great draft upon its resources. In such a case there should be a broadening of the work, a going out into the hedges and byways, and asking the poor to come into the fold, or at least to suffer themselves to be helped out of their misfortunes. This ought to be done with care, and, wherever possible, should be done in conjunction with some other church or charitable society. Where there is an organized charity society or associated charities in the city, the way is easily open. The neighboring conference will gladly furnish any needed number of deserving cases whose wants the asking church can supply. If there is no such society in the town, then seek the neighboring church which may have more suffering families attached to it than can be properly cared for by its own charitable funds. This will be a grand opportunity to show the progress of Christian unity.

In our large cities, notably in New York and Boston, what are known as institutional churches have grown up within the last dozen years. These often afford an oppor-

tunity for our Unitarian churches to exert an influence for good. They are largely the outcome of the swift changes of population so frequent in the cities of our Western civilization. Neighborhoods which were the abode of well-to-do people, with numerous and prosperous churches established among them, become unfashionable; and the greater part of its residents migrate to some new locality. For a time they maintain allegiance to the old church; but the inconvenience and the unfashionableness combined soon prove too much for their loyalty, and they attach themselves to some neighborhood church, leaving their old church home untenanted. Oftentimes a few of the faithful remain, and the old church is made a philanthropic centre; and its charities and Sunday-school, and frequently a pastor, are maintained by the parent church. Thus an institutional or mission church is formed; so that the incomers to the neighborhood who take the place of the former wealthy inhabitants find their spiritual and moral needs cared for, and the fight for good citizenship is kept up by the old residents, instead of their abandoning the field wholly to the enemy.

If there be no ministry-at-large of our faith in the city, it is well for every city church to have its offshoot or mission church dependent upon it, and thus afford a field of work for the missionary activities of the society. Where there is a ministry at large, as in Boston and Lowell, regular and efficient help in the way of Sunday-school teachers and evening school teachers should be furnished by each one of our churches And this should not be left to depend upon the chance impulses of individual members of the society. A committee should have this matter in hand, and should obtain the names of such of the society as can be depended upon to do this sort of missionary work. It is surprising to see how ready our young people are to devote a few hours each week to work in a missionary line. But, as a rule, they must be sought out, and the need fully explained to them and to their parents, and the way made easy.

The Young People's Society might well take the matter under advisement as a part of their regular exercises. The Alliance Branch could with profit devote half an hour once a month to consideration of the relations of their church and society to charity. Organization and co-operation are the two things needful to the proper administration of church charities,—careful organization within the church and abundant co-operation outside of it. These two words, "organization" and "co-operation," should be the watchwords of our liberal churches in all charitable matters.

Very grave duties devolve upon our churches in respect to the care of the community in which they live. They ought, in every way, to see to it that their particular part of the world is made better, more Christ-like, because a Unitarian church is located there. Upon such a church it falls to care for all its own poor; and this in no half-hearted, perfunctory way, but effectually, and so as to make the aid tend directly toward the reclamation of the family, toward starting them on the upward road from dependence to independence. Such a church should care for all the poor in its town, or in some given region round about it if it be located in a large city. It may be that the church cannot wholly accomplish this last duty; but it can and should make an effort in this direction, and keep making it. Such a church should send out its young men and maidens into every nook and corner of the town to proclaim the kingdom of God. Such a church should make sure that its members are active workers in all good causes, seeking after righteousness, not of themselves, but of others, of the city or town, of the poor, of the prisoners, of the wicked.

Such a church should be a beacon light unto all the world, shining out to show that the good God has builded here his house for his own glory, and the good of his children; that he has placed in that house those only who believe in him and glorify him through their works, done in his name and for the benefit of his children; that here is a centre from which shall radiate to every part of the world goodness and charity and philanthropy; that this is no mere temple in which incense is to be burned, prayers are to be said, worshippers are to bow: that it is rather a rallying point to which God's soldiers may come in the pauses of their fight to get fresh inspiration from the source of all life, so that they can go forth again with renewed strength and nobler impulses.

OUR MESSAGE TO THE MODERN WORLD.*

By REV. FRANK WRIGHT PRATT, WALPOLE, N.H.

We are all makers of Christianity.

Jesus was the founder, but the ages have been the builders. Each year and century has contributed to the structure; and these contributions have been more than mere imitations of the initial principles. They have been vital emanations growing out of the originality of the ages.

God did not give all of himself to the world in that first Christian century. At that time Jesus was born, lived, and worked in Palestine, and the influence of his wonderful personality has penetrated succeeding generations. But it has taken the generations of the Christian years and centuries to beget the Christ of Christendom.

During that first Christian century the corner-stone of the Christian Church was laid; but the walls are not complete as yet, and the generations still are coming, bringing their offerings hewn from the eternal rocks.

During that first Christian era and before it, our Bible was written, and its different books brought together; but the years have not revealed the secrets of its pages, and its better interpretation and comprehension are yet to come.

But this growing, this greatening, Christianity which we participate in, is more than Jesus, more than the Bible, more than the Church, for the civilized world is an embodiment of Christianity. In its poor way it is trying to carry out Christian principles. Every new reform, every better method in government, every awakening of fresh sympathy, every truer adjustment between nation and nation, class and class, and man and man, is a new victory for Christianity.

Thus, a return to primitive Christianity would be like the oak returning to the acorn. We cannot return to primitive Christianity if we would, for the centuries have left their indelible mark upon it. Nor would we return to primitive Christianity if we could, for we are not ready to "cast as rubbish to the void" the Christ, the Bible, the Church, the State, which eighteen Christian centuries have given to us. We are not seeking primitive Christianity. We are seeking a Christianity which knows best how to supply the truest needs of this time and generation. We want our own Christianity. A Christianity which is permeated with the spirit of the Eternal Now.

Each generation must not only live Christianity over for itself, but it must also learn to so shape it that it speaks the language of the age, and has an ear turned to catch the present needs, no matter how faintly whispered.

The duty is placed upon our liberal faith, as it is placed upon all branches of the Christian Church, not only of preserving and invigorating the good and true in the old which is adaptable to the hour, but also of possessing that true responsiveness of spirit which has an answer when the new call comes. Every new condition of civilization, every new method in human affairs, every new relation of man to man, and a fresh need is awakened. It is the glory of Christianity that it is not a hard and fast set of rules and principles, but that it is a growing, living thing which we ourselves can invigorate and make ready to fulfil the awakening needs of the race.

Thus our gospel must be a gospel which really is a *gospel*, that is, our Christianity must be "news," must be "good news." That is, it must have the spirit of the present running through it; and in this country of ours it must not be Jewish, but American. Our gospel must be just as American as are our novels or our newspapers. Our Christ must speak to us not in Aramaic or in Greek, but in the language of our native land. Not Hebrew, but American blood must run through his veins.

The message which we are called upon to give must be in harmony with the truest spirit of our time. And thus it must be a *reasonable* message, for this age is living more and more in the spirit of reason. Men are inquiring more as to the right way than as to the accepted way. The old-time authority of creed and gown are fast disap-

* A paper read at the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Unitarian Association, held at Keene, October 21.

pearing, and it is demanded that religion, although not growing out of reason and logic, shall grow in harmony with them.

And our message must be a *tolerant* message, for this is an age of tolerance. There must be none of the early Unitarian bigotry about it. It must be tolerant. Not tolerant of evil, not tolerant of sin, but tolerant of honest views held by others. Not a message lacking in consecrated enthusiasm for beliefs held, but one which recognizes the variety of human minds and the many-sidedness of truth, and with this recognition shows its willingness to wait until growing reason reconciles differences.

Our message must be a *practical* one, in the truest sense of the word. These are the most practical of all times. It is demanded now as never before that religion be vitally connected with life: that religion become life. The world is interested in living as it never was before. It demands first of all that the Church shall inspire men and women to live bravely and truly. Whatever the Church says or does must have its relation to life. She must speak to the wants of men and women. The divine currents must be turned through daily lives. Our theology must be adapted to life. There can be no dry bones about it, for if it is to take hold of men it must pulsate with life's blood.

It has fallen to our religious body to replace many of the old Christian doctrines with those which seem to us to be nearer the truth. But in this replacing of the old for the new, we should ever remember that any doctrine which has been truly effective in the past, which has taken hold of men's hearts and minds, and proved an inspiring power in their lives,—any doctrine in the past which has done this, we should remember, has an element of truth in it.

Wholesale destruction is always dangerous. Our message must be one that develops rather than one that destroys. We, too, must "come not to destroy, but to fulfil." And these old Orthodox doctrines, which have been the life and inspiration of Christianity for so many centuries, are capable of a wonderful fulfilment.

We all recognize the truth in the old doctrine of the Incarnation, and are ready to rejoice together to-day that Athanasius was victorious over Arius in that ancient controversy. This is because the doctrine of Athanasius is in the line of development. It is not wrong but incomplete. It does not need to be destroyed, but fulfiled.

God did incarnate himself in Jesus and walk this earth. When the Trinitarians tell us that Jesus was both God and man we must agree with them, if they wish to express it in that way. This truth of the Incarnation of God in Jesus is a truth we must not lose sight of. It is a vital principle of the religious life. But it is a truth which we must fulfil and make still more true. Yes, Jesus was God. Yes, he was a god-man. But Jesus was not all of God. Neither was all of Jesus God. But God was there; he was best there. This must be the germ of the doctrine of the Incarnation. But the doctrine does not become reasonable or logical till we recognize the universal Incarnation of God in every child of his. The old doctrine of the Incarnation does not misrepresent Jesus as much as it does mankind. We Unitarians have spent too much time in declaring that Jesus was not God, when instead we should have emphasized more strongly God in all men. The emphasis of our theology has been in the wrong place. We do not so much want to deny the deity of Jesus as to assert the deity of humanity.

Two other old doctrines which do not need to be destroyed, but to be fulfilled, are the doctrines of heaven and hell. There is a great and important truth in both of them. From earliest times they have moved not only Christendom but all humanity. No religion can be complete unless it takes full account of the effects of sin and righteousness upon the soul. Men and women are influenced by a vivid realization of the effects of sin, as well as by the results of righteousness. The doctrine of hell is as important as that of heaven. In the old theology they are abstract principles which state truths in general terms. It is for us to free them from their arbitrary element, and connect them more vitally with life. We have combined the doctrines of heaven and hell in the doctrine of a future life, where each spirit shall naturally gravitate to its own position, reaping what it has sown, but holding within it the possibilities of infinite growth as it enters the fresh realms of new opportunity.

The Unitarian pulpit, although it realizes the evil effects of sin, has not emphasized this side of its teachings as strongly as it has others. It has impressed the love of God more than the justice of God. It has hesitated to appeal, as it says, to the element of fear. But if this gospel of ours is to take its place in this every-day world in the midst of all conditions of men, it must learn to take this old doctrine of hell and fulfil it, so that it will be adaptable to this modern world of ours. *It is* justifiable to impress upon men as strongly as possible that there is a divine law and justice in the world.

The awfulness of sin cannot be emphasized too strongly. God has his whirlwinds as well as his sunshine. Man needs to know that punishment is not the uncertain thing that the old theology made it out. He needs to know that, although punishment is remedial, it cannot be escaped by the acceptance of intellectual beliefs, or death-bed repentances, or by repentances at any time. Would you get away from the punishment of your sins? As well could the darkness get away from its own shadows. Your sins inflict their own punishment upon your soul. You may cheat man, you may cheat yourself, but you cannot cheat the laws of God. Whatsoever you sow that you must reap. Does the heat shrivel and dry up the leaf? Just as surely does unholy passion shrivel up your soul and dry up its life. Does the frost freeze the bud? Just as surely do selfishness and pride freeze the life of your soul into inactivity. Do the gales tear the branches from the trees? Just as surely do the rushing thoughts of a corrupt mind break and wreck your soul. Who says there is no judgment day? Every moment you live is a judgment day, and that judgment is written on the very soul itself. Who says there is no hell? Who says, when this world has been left behind, and the sinful soul is alone, all wrecked and broken,—a dwarf compared to what it should have been, a shrivelled and contracted thing which shows the marks of sin and degradation when it should have been a true expression of the divine life,—who says there is no hell?

We may call sin negative if we will. It is an easy manner of disposing of it in an abstract way; but, nevertheless, it is a positive element in every man's life. It is a real inheritance in the course of evolution of the passions and appetites of the lower forms of life. We are not naturally wholly good, or naturally wholly bad, but we are most naturally both good and bad.

And our liberal faith should remember this; and thus our message should be a message to men and women, and not a message to angels. A message filled through and through with the wonderful love of God, but oftentimes a stern message.

In the past, because of the reaction from the cruelty of Calvinism, we have too often spoken soft words when we should have spoken severe ones. Unitarian congregations have been patted on the back for so long, and told that God loves them, and that they are coming out all right, that now it is looked upon as almost out of place to even hint that Unitarians *ever* belong to that class known as "sinners."

We have dwelt so much upon the worth of human nature (and it should be dwelt upon) that we have neglected to dwell sufficiently upon the sinfulness of human nature. As in the Orthodox Churches too much has been made of the "sense of sin," in our Church we have gone to the other extreme and not made enough of it.

In many cases we have been influenced more by the spirit of reaction from the old beliefs than by the spirit of adaptability which should prompt us to shape our body that it may have an answer for the best needs of the times. We have vulgarized the prophets when we should have glorified the prophetic spirit, not only of to-day but of all times. We have emphasized too much the lack of inspiration in the Bible, when we should have emphasized the naturalness of all inspiration to-day and forever. In other words, we have brought down the past to the commonplaceness of the present, when we should have brought up the present to that elevation which has caused such reverence for the past. We do not want to drive God out of those old times, but we want to fill the world with God to-day as the old time has been filled with him.

But, even as I am speaking these last words to you, I feel, although they give one side of the truth, that still they are doing an injustice to Unitarianism; for one of the great works that our denomination

has done has been that of making more divine this every-day life of ours.

The vital test of any religion is its ability to satisfy the deepest and truest longings of the weak, wayward soul. A religion which is only for the educated or refined, and has nothing for the common every-day life of men and women, has failed to take into itself those universal principles which are akin to all humanity. Thank God that we have a religion which, notwithstanding its defects, can be brought home to all hearts.

Away forever with the thought that it is not suited to men and women in all walks of life! Humanity has but one heart and mind. This religion of ours is not made up of artificial philosophies or the mysteries of the schoolmen, but has sprung from those deep places in human nature which are below the variations which grow out of the changed circumstances of life; and thus it has that common human element in it which always finds a response in the great heart of humanity.

If our religion has not appealed to what a worldly world calls the "lower classes," it is not the fault of our religion: it is our fault. Our hands and minds must find new methods, and our lips be taught to better articulate the heart-and-soul language of humanity.

What religion is better fitted than ours to tell even the most wretched of God's love, and impartiality, and care; of the divine worth of every soul; of the wretchedness and fearfulness of sin; of the glory of a soul growing in strength and beauty; of the divine satisfaction of living a life whose purpose is in harmony with the best that is known?

But let us be assured that we shall not attract men by trying to persuade them that we have an easy religion. As well might a university advertise an easy method of education. We have not an easy religion, for true spiritual education can never be wholly easy. Men are not asking for easy ways in the saving life. It is not ease they are seeking, but inspiration. The thing the world wants to know to-day is, "Is it worth while?" When men and women have once been awakened fully to the conception that it *is* worth while,—this growing life of the spirit,—then it is not prophecies of ease and comfort that they want.

The Italian general did not rally his soldiers to his standard by promises of comfort and ease. No. He told them, as he was calling on them to enlist, that he would give them long, hard marches; that he would give them hunger and sickness, and blood and death. But they were eager to follow his lead because they felt that the cause was worth while. They were impatient to make their sacrifices.

Yes, the world must know that the loyal life is worth while. That it is worth all the endeavor, and struggle, and sacrifice, that it costs. And we believe that this religion of ours can best show men and women that it is worth while.

Our true work is just beginning. The world is growing to understand that it needs a Church of the living spirit. Yea, the call is coming to us louder each day. We are not in the evening, but in the morning of our faith.

OUR CHURCHES.

FIRST UNITARIAN SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.

On Sunday, 12th of June, 1796, fourteen persons professing those views commonly entitled "Unitarian," assembled for the first time for purposes of social worship in a room of the University of Pennsylvania. To this association, somewhat increased, Dr. Priestley, on a visit to the city in the early part of 1797, delivered an address and enrolled himself among its members. The religious services of this society, occasionally interrupted, were continued until Aug. 24, 1800, and from that time were not resumed until 1807, when Rev. W. Christie, known as the author of an able work on the Divine Unity, was invited to lead them. The connection with Mr. Christie, however, lasting only a few months, they were afterward conducted by the members in rotation,—especially by Ralph Eddowes, James Taylor, and John Vaughan,—the society then worshipping in a school-room in Church Alley. In 1811, the thoughts of this small association were turned toward the building of a place of worship.

After many difficulties this object was effected, and the corner-stone was laid

March 24, 1812. It is certainly a remarkable, possibly a unique, fact that a religious society should not only endure and prosper for nearly thirty years, but actually erect a church building, while under lay leadership. Of the gentlemen mentioned above, Mr. Eddowes, at least, preached original sermons and a volume of them was printed. The sermon at the dedication of the first church was by him. A charter of incorporation was obtained bearing date Jan. 7, 1813, under the title of "The First Society of Unitarian Christians in the City of Philadelphia," which title was afterward amended by prefixing the word "Congregational" to the word "Society," March 19, 1824.

Mr. Vaughan resigned his office as one of the conductors of the public religious services of the society in 1815, Mr. Eddowes in 1820, and Mr. Taylor in 1823.

William Henry Furness was ordained pastor Jan. 12, 1825.

Of this event Rev. Joseph May spoke as follows in a sermon delivered Feb. 1, 1885:

"On Wednesday, Jan. 12, 1825,—John Quincy Adams, an earnest Unitarian communicant and frequent attendant on the services of our society, being President, and John C. Calhoun, said to be (like Jefferson, Franklin, and John Adams) a Unitarian sympathizer, being Vice-President,—was ordained to the Christian ministry and installed in the pastorate of this church, its first clerical head. I need not pronounce his name; you know it and love it too well. But one would like, with some time-piercing spectacles, to look back through the sixty years that have gone by so unscathingly, and see the youth, hardly more than a boy, who stood up in the little pulpit at the close of that day, to be the only minister of this society through a stirring period of religious and political history for half a century.

"Let me give you a mere sketch of the occasion. I remark first, with interest, that music was a prominent feature, showing (as the old records indeed show all along) that this inspiring devotional agency was duly valued and maintained with all the love which our English founders had felt for it in their old home, in contrast to the rigid refusal of all æsthetic aids by their Quaker neighbors. The introductory exercises of devotion and Scripture-reading were conducted by one of the saints of our early ministry, Rev. William Ware, pastor of the first Congregational Church of New York, with whose charming books the older portion of you have been familiar. The sermon (from 2 Thess. iii. 1) was by another man of the same family, and the same lovely character, Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., of the Second Church in Boston. The ordaining prayer and charge were by Dr. Aaron Bancroft, of Worcester, father of the historian.

"Finally appeared one whose little figure but reverend head and piercing eye must in his old age be remembered by many of you, who now in his youth rose to give to his friend and classmate the right hand of fellowship. This speaker was Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett, colleague of Dr. Channing, of Boston. And he also offered the concluding prayer. The young pastor gave the benediction."

Three years later this young pastor had won so many hearers that the octagon church was no longer adequate, and in 1828 the corner-stone of the second building was laid.

At the services of laying the corner-stone, the pastor, Rev. William Henry Furness, made an address from which we quote:

"In accordance with custom we have now deposited beneath this stone an appropriate record of this day's doings. We bless that goodness which permits us, just sixteen years after the laying of the first stone of the former church, to assemble for a similar purpose, with the prospect of a larger and more commodious edifice. We acknowledge our obligations to those respected members of the society to whose untiring fidelity we are greatly indebted for our present prosperous circumstances. May their advancing years be illumined by that faith to which they have been so cheerfully devoted. It becomes us also, upon this occasion, to recognize and declare those religious views upon which the prosperity of the structure about to occupy this spot immediately rests. There is a foundation deeper than this visible one, a corner-stone more solid and durable, upon which if we build not we build in vain.

"It is not to shelter our heads from the inclemency of the skies, from the wind and the storm, that we erect this house. We

have a higher purpose: we would provide a refuge for our minds, a place where we may come for spiritual protection. It is here that we would find aid to enable us to act always from those principles of integrity, benevolence, purity, and habitual confidence in God, which become our condition and our hopes."

Of this church building, and the extraordinarily happy and prosperous ministry of fifty years without change of pastor, Rev. Mr. May speaks as follow:—

"This new church was esteemed, in its outward features, highly successful. It certainly has had a degree of architectural grace. The style, so far as there was style, was one popular in those days. Greek temples were the models, not only of churches, banks, and mints, but very commonly of dwelling-houses. The worst effect of this choice was to make buildings, while stately, somewhat forbidding and cold. The proportions of this building are good. The portico is well designed, and the whole was regarded as a model of successful economy in the use of older materials. The brick and stone of the octagon church were built into this, and the pillars of the portico came from the demolished city water-works at Centre, soon afterward Penn, Square. The building actually cost, through these economies, less than the little older one which it replaced. Before we tried, a few years ago, to beautify it, its modest simplicity made it a very fitting, cheerful, homelike place of worship. One could indeed wish that it might have continued to stand, serving some devotional or benevolent purpose.

"A building, as such, has usually but two events—erection and demolition. Its history otherwise is the history of the spiritual organization that inhabits it. Of ours, it is especially the biography of its long time minister. Other eminent and noble preachers have left the echoes of their voices in its walls, above all the immortal—still our greatest—Channing. Also, in fifty-six years, almost all others of distinction,—Dewey, Everett, Walker, the Wares, Greenwood, Pierpont, May, Gannett, Parker, Farley, Putnam, Hedge, Bellows, Clarke, Hale, and the younger generation, now themselves veterans or already gone from our sight. But from the mere fact of its isolation from sister churches, the only voice with which it was really familiar for half a century was that of its own minister.

"I cannot describe his life work in detail. But its principles became identified with the church as the cradle of their utterance, and it is fitting to speak of them in general. Above all things, let us record that a perfect independence was here vindicated to the whole thought and utterance of the preacher. Mildly asserted by himself, it was none the less decidedly maintained through bright and through stormy days; and if ever individuals would have infringed upon it, the society respected and upheld it. A by-law of the society provided that 'the Trustees shall have no power to control or interfere with the minister in his official duties,' which rule in form was respected, and in spirit also, to a degree, at least, which leaves the record of the church altogether fair and honorable. Both in theology and ethics the minister put the church to a test in this respect. His spirit was essentially progressive, his method radical, and his stand an advanced one, from earliest days. Not many months passed before he entered into that great blessing, a rich and rewarding life work. The life and character of Jesus engaged his thought with an enthusiasm which time has never abated, the result of which was the promulgation of a view of its subject in successive volumes, of which it is difficult to say whether the freshness or the beauty was the more admirable. His thoroughly humanitarian analysis of the nature of Jesus, illustrated with an exquisite grace and recommended equally by a touching reverence and a skilful logic, aided greatly to bring the mind of the Unitarian body at large, already tending in that direction, to the pure humanitarianism which it has now decisively reached. I doubt if any other single influence in those formative days did as much to advance our Unitarian thought, unless it were, a little later, the powerful preaching and writing of Theodore Parker. The two minds and the two methods were essentially in harmony, yet the outward contrasts were as great as could well be. Parker was a torrent, bearing resistlessly down upon obstacles to sweep them forcibly away. Your preacher was a sunbeam which melted the icy fetters of thought, and subtly warmed hearts to receive truth's quickening ray. His great service to thought was the

offering, to minds ready for an advance from a narrow, confused, and uncertain conception of his subject, a new and clear ideal, in which they were able to rest and which proved to them that the forward step could be taken with no impairment of their own reverence or of the true authority of the sacred teacher. The value of the help thus rendered to uncounted hearts, has hardly yet been estimated. The first volume in which the new method was set forth appeared within but a few years after the dedication of this church. The effect was thrilling and wide-spread.

"The young man of 1825, in whom youth seems an abiding quality on which advancing years have no power to work their usual transmutations, reached, by God's blessing, a happy fiftieth year of service in your church ; and, when that year ended, he laid down his burthen, not as one who might not carry it for yet another score of years, but as one who had fully earned his discharge and his repose. The festival which marked that event could not be too gracious, and it could not well have been more glad and gracious than it was."

Rev. Joseph May was installed as pastor of the church on the fifty-first anniversary of Dr. Furness's own installation, Jan. 12, 1876.

He has already served the society through twenty years of progressive and highly successful ministry, and still maintains the brightness, vigor, energy and youthfulness which seem the special privilege of ministers of his church.

In 1885 yet another building, the present very handsome and permanent structure, was built at the corner of Chestnut and Aspen Streets.

In this important situation the First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia occupies a prominent place in the religious life of the city.

We may lose the things we strive after to-day; . . . but, if we bear patiently the burdens, taking the heartache, if it comes, being faithful in the midst of the conditions where God has placed us, living nobly to ourselves and our fellow-men, we shall have built up for ourselves characters of divine finish, divine beauty, and divine glory.—*M. J. Savage.*

A WORD TO THE BEGINNER IN BROWNING.

BY ESTHER C. JENNINGS.

We are indebted to the honest worker in whatever department of life or field of labor. The hod-carrier, the shoe-black, the farmer, the mechanic, the inventor, alike appeal to our sympathy and respect, in proportion as each one dignifies and elevates the work assigned him. Each brings his gift into the world, and, in the economy of nature, the smallest offering is not despised. We honor such still more, when the lower rounds are perfected and higher altitudes are reached. But better still and higher, every genuine aspiring word helps us; the world's greatness is memorialized in this way. Fortunate the soul who can leave a legacy of feelings and ideas as his bequest to humanity, who can metamorphose life's experiences into thoughts and turn the tides of feeling into legitimately progressive tendencies. For "not he is great who can alter matter, but he who can alter the state of my mind." Such a precursor of the world's progress was Robert Browning; a poet of art and song, and exponent of thought and life in its varied scenes and shifting fancies. He set to music the subtlest passions of the soul, and sung the pains of "finite hearts that yearn." A poet of such high endowments and of prophetic inspiration presents worthy features for consideration. He is typical, I might say, of that reactionary period in the ebb and flow of history which follows a tensely materialistic supremacy, the spiritual reign, which is now slowly but surely dawning upon us. With the keen susceptibility of a highly organized temperament and the swift sympathy for anguish of the keenest degree, he represents the culmination of intellectual development and soul-progress, which progress itself creates in its own advance, as the fittest index of the coming hour. Through his poetic instinct, he serves us as an insight into the composite elements of human life and the conditions of human destiny. Consequently, the world is riper to-day, and more spiritually sensitive to his poetic muse, than when he was privileged to work, and labor, and sorrow, and bear the burdens of this earth-life.

But in this plea for Browning I will descend a step and say, that not only as an apostle of the higher culture does he claim our attention, but that as a matter of literary taste and mental stimulus, even, we cannot afford to be ignorant of Browning. Of course, if one is mentally incapacitated for close thinking, or expects to try him by other standards than his own, or by principles upon which he was never moulded (perhaps by perfection of form alone, as a criterion of high-water mark in poetry); or, if one has no responsiveness to the subtler emotions of the soul,—I have no word to offer. The matter must rest with the individual who protests.

But I think it well to be cautious before condemning too sweepingly, and inquire if the fault is not with ourselves. We must be sure that we are somewhat in sympathy with his spirit, and not that the fault rests alone with the objective method of his presentation. We must be clear ourselves before we can discern the white light of truth as reflected in another mind; for the clearest object is indistinct in the darkness. And

> "Only reapers, reaping early
> In among the bearded barley,
> Hear a song that echoes cheerly
> From the river winding clearly,
> Down to tower'd Camelot."

Browning puts great confidence in his reader, as if he thought, as in Sordello, "'Tis but brother's speech we need, speech where an accent's change gives each the other's soul." Yet he must have felt that his ascent found slight response with the reading world at large; for in a characteristic letter dated 1868, he writes, "I have little doubt that my writing has been in the main too hard for many I should be pleased to communicate with, but I never designedly tried to puzzle people as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as would be a substitute for a cigar, or a game of dominos for an idle man. So, perhaps, on the whole, I get my deserts and something over; not a crowd but a few I value more,"—the few who realized that a master of art and song should be studied much and long; that an original writer has new spiritual attitudes to be attained; and that the reading of the highest literature, like the interpretation of nature and human life, requires not only intellectual acumen, but that responsiveness of one mind to another sufficiently qualified to receive. One must concentrate his mental faculties to be alive at as many points as possible; if he thus approaches his subject as a whole and seizes the central idea by the assimilation of its principle, all parenthetical clauses, and toning and modifying details, proportionate themselves to the central thought of which they form a part.

Another consideration to be observed in this connection is, whether the charge of obscurity in Browning is not misapplied by hasty and ignorant criticism, and whether the ordinary difficulty does not arise from the reverse qualities. For what do we mean by obscurity. Is it not the natural product of a feeble and clouded intellect, or a vigorous but unfixed and chaotic mind? The difficulty which seems so formidable to the uninitiated arises mainly from too great conciseness; lightning-speed thought; from the collocation of words and the omission of relative words which supply themselves to the reader who is at all conversant with Latin construction, or who grasps the essence of the soul that sings. Corson, in his Introduction to Browning, has an inimitable chapter in which he explains these omissions and tricks of expression; with a little thoughtfulness and attention these eccentricities and seeming fallacies are seen to add strength (perhaps a little too much robustness to many) to the author's vigorous and trenchant style.

And having said this much, a few practical suggestions may not be out of place to the novice in Browning. If there is a best way of doing everything, even to boiling an egg, there is a natural way to read Browning and an unnatural or forced way which renders obscurity doubly obscured instead of reducing to the minimum the intricacies of so discursive and psychological a writer. And first I would emphasize the suggestion, by no means new, that the critics be undisturbed at first, and "all parasitical literature with which Browning is incrusted." For, as another has said, "We first have Browning, and then Corson on Browning, and then Nettleship on Corson on Browning, and presently there will be somebody on Nettleship; at which juncture the simple-minded reader may be expected to betake himself to

the charmed verse of the Psalms of Life or Bab Ballads, where no commentator will enter." Or, still better, he will read the verse itself from which he has in no wise exhausted the infinite beauty and inspiration. So I urge the importance of keeping the mind free from the influence which eminent critics might exert, until we are master of his form and have seized his central ideas; then the suggestion of the critics will be stimulating and valuable. But, as much of Browning's poetry is of the confessional order, I think it advisable to read the best biographies, especially Mrs. Orr's, to note the hereditary and formative influences which made up Robert Browning. The letters therein published discover to us the inner springs of action, and we discern the rise of the current and the impelling power of his nature, which sweeps us past the rapids of his restless energy into an ocean of truth and beauty.

The simpler and shorter poems naturally arrest our attention first, and what attitude of mind shall we assume. "As is your sort of mind, so is your sort of search,—you'll find what you desire." If we desire him to make his own impression upon us, not by conventional tests, but by his own method, a wise passivity is at first a cardinal requisite, inasmuch as it puts us into sympathy with his surroundings, and divests us of that *personnel* which is biassed by preconceived ideas and fixed habits of thought. This allows us to see the subject as he saw it; then we can see our own relation to him upon the thought side rather than the personal side. Then let us not be too analytical,—not too anxious to analyze each separate word or clause, but reading with the eye of the mind; for "only the light-armed arrive at the summit," and it is only by ecstacy, or the soul's response to the soul, that the chord is touched which vibrates in harmony with the master spirit. Too much analysis is self-annulling; for, in the order of psychological evolution, experience converts into thought, and thought into character. Too much experience that cannot be intellectually dealt with, and too much thought, which not only destroys thinking, but even the will and power to think, and too much will, are alike suicidal. Harmony is reached in the adjustment of life, thought, and will. Therefore, we desire to bring to our subject the synthetic, rather than the analytic, mind. Again, let us not expect to see with perfect clearness. "Do not interpret too literally," is Browning's advice to the student.

And let us not be too argumentative; "we read not to confute, but to be inspired."

Another hint to be offered is this: In Browning's dramas especially, I notice many times (and this is the secret of genius) that he transcends the personal and objective side of experience, and speaks of humanity; his word is not confessional alone, but *life* kindled with the poet's glow and imagination, precursing undiscovered countries and untried regions of thought. It is the poet's life, plus the racial experience of the age; so broad a range anticipates a long logic, and large perception on the part of the reader, and warns us not to read too much of Browning into his poetry. The dramatic form is its own evidence of impulses and actions carried beyond the limit of personal experience, and representing ideal types; this fact unravels many a mystery in the *dramatis personæ* of an Ibsen, a Shakspere, or a Goethe. The simpler poems are thus comprehended by the earnest student, even when the whole force of the poet is concentrated in short lines. But a few salient characteristics of the man and writer may serve as finger-posts along the way to a broader generalization of the longer poems, which are more complex and metaphysical. And first, I would note his intensity. I know of no writer who has so large a fund of thought-passion as Browning. The motions of his mind are rapid, like the subjects he loves to depict; like moods which flash instantaneously and execute themselves with a movement, and spring as it were, from chasm to chasm of profoundest depth. This demands great tension on the part of the reader, and a nature vibrating in harmony with his rhythmic movement. Yet with his intense *spirituelle*, he is never morbid; he realizes that man cannot live too much in the spiritual lest he become the monk; and consistently upholds a high ideal standard, while he keeps steadily in view the actualities of life. He emphasizes the body and its relationship with the soul; as in Rabbi Ben Ezra, "nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul." This realization of

the correspondence between body and soul, the balance of the material and spiritual, saves him from that asceticism which is the result of a moribund spirituality. Next to his healthfulness, and an outgrowth from it, is his optimism, which is transcendent. He is the prophet of faith and hope, of good as the final outcome of ill, as in Abt Vogler:

> "What was good, shall be good,
> For with evil, so much good more;
> On the earth the broken arcs;
> In the heaven a perfect round."

He feels with Goethe,

> "While man's desires and aspirations stir,
> He cannot choose but err."

But in this erring, he is still moving, still emerging from the clod, into the larger life of God.

> "Then welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
>
> "Be our joy three parts pain!
> Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
> Learn, nor account the pang;
> Dare, never grudge the throe."

His optimism is not a complaisant resignation and a meek folding of hands, but it is aspiring and regenerating; not a faultless perfection, as exemplified by Andrea Del Sarto, but a pregnant hope, which is a condition of, and inseparable from spiritual vitality. If duty was the key-note of Carlyle's philosophy, and culture of Goethe's, if hope was the gospel of Emerson, then faith was the message of Browning, faith in ultimate progress in the form of unceasing effort and aspiration; an assurance that the true life is not acquiescence, but advance,—through doubt and failure it may be, but in the aspiration and effort the discipline of mind acquired is in itself a gain. Emerson once said, "My successes have been made up of innumerable small failures," which reminds me of Mrs. Barbauld's little brook, "The more falls I get, go swifter on." How this thought is echoed in "Dying John in the Desert":

> "I say that man was made to grow, not stop;
> *That* help he needed once, and needs no more,
> Having grown but an inch by, is withdrawn.
> For he hath new needs, and new helps to these.
> This imports solely: man should mount on each
> New height in view; the help whereby he mounts,
> The ladder rung his foot has left, may fall,
> Since all things change, save God the Truth.
> Man apprehends him newly at each stage
> Whereat earth's ladder drops, its service done;
> And nothing shall prove twice what once was proved."

In close connection with the thought that no true effort is lost, stands his view of this life as a preparation for another state of existence, and the companion theory of the permanence of the individual soul, while passing from body to body through different cycles of existence, until ultimate development or harmony is reached. With Browning, a man may be guilty of two irretrievable errors. He may, through the education of the senses, renounce the spiritual, the world of causes, and rest supinely in the carnal mesh of the material, or the world of effects; or he may try to force the higher states of being and higher ideals of thought, needing æons for perfectedness, into this life,—this one short span in the achievement of the eternities.

> "For progress is man's distinctive mark alone,
> Not God's and not the beasts'.
> God is, they are.
> Man partly is, and wholly hopes to be."

Nor would he eliminate the element of doubt as a factor in growth. For in "Paracelsus" "there was just so much of doubt as bade him plant a surer foot upon the sunroad"; and in "Easter Day," "you must mix some uncertainty with faith, if you would have faith be,"—the doubt and uncertainty which come from ceaseless striving, and the growing necessity of the soul for more worlds to conquer.

> "How inexhaustibly the spirit grows;
> One object she seemed erewhile bound to reach
> With her whole energies, and die content.
> So like a wall at the world's edge it stood,
> With naught beyond to live for. Is that reached?
> Already new undreamèd energies
> Outranging under and extending farther to a new object,—
> There's another world."

Of the application of this principle to Browning's poems upon art, a passing word seems pertinent. In "Abt Vogler," the highest perhaps of Browning's poems upon music; in "Andrea Del Sarto," the faultless

painter; in "Pippa Passes," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Saul," "Old Pictures in Florence," etc., the same doctrine prevails: that he who can realize in marble, in color, or in music, his highest ideal, has thereby missed the highest gain of art; but that the true glory of art arises from aspirations that are generated, never to be satisfied on earth, and by which the soul mounts still higher towards perfection. This optimistic attitude which Browning essays is not easy to reach, yet contains within itself the germs of courage and endurance amid sorrow and trial, which brings us into close proximity to Plato and Epictetus, and those grand enunciations of stoicism which are ours to emulate to-day. And if these heroic virtues have their mission, what shall we say of the gentler attributes—the love, and the affections of Browning—which mollify these austerer traits, and shed a sweetness and light over the sterner realities, making life lovable? For Browning, if poet, is poet of the affections; and how exquisitely sweet are his many poems of love and tenderness! His affections were anchored, were fixed, and inexorable; and this fact presaged a strong and persistent personality, which was at the same time a source of strength, with certain modifications of weakness. This trait is remarkably foreshadowed in his love for his mother, of whom he said he could never be near her without his arms around her, so deeply did he love her; yet his love was that of sacrifice rather than self-gratification. It was no sickly sentimentality, but a purification of heart and life; and no more beautiful chapter can be found in literary history than that which recites the love of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barret,—that eternal marriage which the severance of earthly ties did not annul, but strengthened with the purer bonds of the spirit.

In so intense and strongly affectioned a nature we may expect to find pathos as another strongly marked characteristic of the writer, which is beautifully illustrated in "Andrea Del Sarto," and which permeates the whole volume of his poetry.

And now, we may ask, what are the central ideas of Browning's philosophy of life, which are iterated and reiterated, and are presented to us in varied forms and manifestations? I will briefly enumerate what seem to be the main theses of his teachings. First, the value of the transcendent soul, the highest result of the vast scheme of nature around us, of life within us, and God above us. With Emerson, "It is first soul, second soul, and evermore soul."

Second, the importance of the will in the discovery of truth,—that within man is the capacity of choice; that beside fate there is power, the power of the individual to will or to do of his good pleasure.

Third, the magnetic personality as a revivifying power,—that not intellect, not thought, but life, personal life, is the remediating factor in development.

"Subsists no law of life outside of life."

Fourth, the value of experience; and fifth, the doctrine of escape, or the freeing of the soul from its narrow bounds and limitations into the purer realms of the ideal,—and this not to be affected by reversion to a lost paradise, or by future postponement, but by a wise using of present opportunities, and by the cultivation of the higher faculties of being. The Browning atmosphere is æsthetic; it is beautified and rarefied by his intense personality, and surcharged with gleams and flashes of celestial light. But we miss the breath of the pines, and that joyful contact with outward nature which Wordsworth and Emerson bring us. For Browning's view of nature is largely subordinated to expression of human character and action. Man, not nature, is worthiest his attention. Yet the sudden transitions, the lightning flashes, and the convulsive operations of nature, he delights in describing; and in his occasional rare touches of nature in "Paracelsus," in the opening verse of "Pippa," and in descriptions of Italian scenery, he shows himself master artist, if he choose, yet human poet the more. As a rule, however, he is personal, emotional, and concrete; and herein we arrive at a fact in nature undemonstrated and undemonstrable,—why sugar should be sugar, and salt, salt. Enough for us that it is so, and that we can divine its significance, and take to heart its lessons.

In conclusion, I would say, this that I so imperfectly bring to you is but the merest hint in outline of the importance and value of the subject before us. If it serves as a stimulus for deeper reading and more noble

thinking of Browning, it is enough. If not, it is well, but not so well. For

"Thence a paradox, which comforts while it mocks:
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail?
What I aspired to be, and was not, comforts me."

VICTOR HUGO'S CREED.

BY JAMES E. BAGLEY.

Victor Hugo believed in God; there is hardly a page of his lyrical productions where the name of God does not occur.

The last clauses of his will, written some time before his death, were in these simple words: "I refuse the public prayers of all the churches, I beg a prayer of every soul. I believe in God." His God is one that hears prayer. One of his finest pieces begins thus, "Daughter, go and pray." And he enumerates all the beings for whom the child should pray, then concludes, "Pray for me."

To a friend who had sent him some lines concerning the Bible, he writes: "I believe in the same God as yourself, but he is nearer than yours; there is not between him and me the intermediary of an idolatry and of a book." This does not mean that he did not revere the Bible; for in one passage in his writings he says, "Sow the villages with the gospels,—put a Bible into every cottage." Again he writes, "There is a book more philosophical than 'Le Compère Matthieu,' more popular than 'Le Constitutionnel,' more eternal than the 'Chart of 1830,'—it is the Holy Scripture."

Victor Hugo was very much of an Emersonian Transcendentalist. He revered all other messages from God, but preferred to receive his own *first hand* from his Maker.

He believed in the fatherhood of God, but rejected the doctrine of the deity of Jesus, and his miraculous birth and sonship. To him "Jesus was a man like Socrates and Plato, higher, of course, but only separated from them by degrees of greatness and inspiration, not by essence."

He believed in the brotherhood of man. He writes, "Treat all men as Jesus would treat them were he here now,—Jesus, who knew more than Voltaire." He believed in the immortality of every soul. He says, "Give to the people who work and suffer, give to the people for whom this world is bad, the belief in a better world made for them." The following in his confession: "I am conscious within myself of the certainty of a future life. The nearer I approach my end the clearer do I hear the immortal symphonies of worlds that call me to themselves. For half a century I have been outpouring my volumes of thought in prose and in verse, in history, philosophy, drama, romance, ode and ballad, yet I appear to myself not to have said a thousandth part of what is within me, and when I am laid in the tomb, I shall not reckon that my life is finished; the grave is not a *cul-de-sac*, it is an avenue; death is the sublime prolongation of life, not its dreary finish; it closes in the twilight, it opens in the dawn. My work is only begun. I yearn for it to become brighter and nobler, and this craving for the infinite demonstrates that there is an infinity."

Victor Hugo did not admit the dogma of eternal punishment, but held firmly to the belief in future progress. "Let me," he says, "only live on through my future existence; let me continue the work I have begun; let me surmount the perils, the passions, the agonies, that age after age may be before me, and who shall tell whether I may not rise to have a place in the council chamber of the Ruler that controls all, and whom we own as God?" Every one who has read his works knows that it was no easy-going carelessness which he preached. Every page of his writings is an exposition of the Bible text, "The *way* of the transgressor is hard." He held up conscience as the voice of God, which cannot be disobeyed without some fatal consequence. Every one knows the beautiful poem "La Conscience," the story of Cain fleeing away before the eye of God. This subject is amply illustrated in Jean Valjean's moral struggle, and the author's "Châtiments," and his "Napoleon le Petit." Any one who questions the sanity and beauty of the religion of Victor Hugo, has only to read "Le Pape," "La Pitié Suprême," "Religions et Religion," and "Le Fin de Satan." Victor Hugo's greatest lesson for the world is, perhaps, the lesson of *forgiveness*, both human and divine, which runs like a golden thread through his books and his own life.

He is pre-eminently the poet of charity. It was that more than anything else which made him the man of the people, and caused his death to be universally lamented. Nobody had more than himself the burden of human misery and misfortune on his heart. He was by his eloquent pleadings the means of saving many a head from the guillotine. His "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné" is a volume of special pleading for the abolition of capital punishment. "The head of a man . . . cultivate it, water it, fecundate it, enlighten it, moralize it, utilize it; you will not need to cut it off."

Those who want to know how well he understood the law of charity, which is the golden law of the Christian religion, have only to read his "Les Misérables," the one book which will keep his name fresh and alive in the great heart of the reading world forever. In his view man is not depraved, but good by nature. Do not keep him in ignorance and under the yoke of tyranny; treat him kindly, and there will be an end of crime and misery.

Finally, let me say that the one great unmistakable, conspicuous principle which pervades every page of his writings, is this: There is a possibility of regeneration for every human being, however degraded he may be, and the means of this regeneration is love. Jean Valjean, the convict, is won to a good and useful life by the love of the good Bishop Myriel; Quasimodo, the hateful monster, becomes a good man when Esmeralda pities him; Triboulet's love for his daughter washes him from his crimes; the love of Marion Delorme for Didier, of Lucrezia Borgia for her son, gives those two women a finer womanhood, a new nobility, a greater glory.

Such is Victor Hugo's religion, such is his unconquerable optimism. This is Unitarianism pure and undefiled, and how can any intelligent, reasoning man or woman afford to look askance at such a faith?

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Make channels for the streams of love,
That they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing founts,
To fill them every one."

There it was again, the same thing they sang in church Sunday, this time sung by a fresh, clear voice, and with a fervor that seemed to say how true it was for the singer. Its only effect upon Mary, however, as she walked wearily home from a hard day's work, was to make her bitter thoughts more bitter.

She could look into the window and see the singer in her pleasant home, surrounded by every evidence of thoughtful loving care, and she thought that girl might well sing about giving and receiving love; but as for herself, she didn't feel that the world held any for her or wanted any from her.

Her father and mother were both dead, and her uncle had very unwillingly taken her into his family with the understanding that she was to make them as little trouble and expense as possible. She had been too unhappy to make friends, and she was sure she had not a gleam of sunshine in her life that she could pass on.

She went home and ate her supper in silence, and after doing what was expected of her as an equivalent for her board, she went to her room with the song still ringing in her ears, and tried to think it out for herself.

She remembered what the minister had said the Sunday before. His sermon was on Christmas giving, and he said that all Christmas gifts should be accompanied with a large love. That, no matter how large or small the gift was, if love did not go with it, it had failed as a *Christmas* gift, for Christmas meant the birth of Christ (which is peace and love) in our hearts, and the custom of making gifts was to help us to pass it on to the whole of mankind.

Then he said that every bit of love that we gave out left room for more to flow in, and that the greatest source of joy a person could have, was to keep the Divine Circulation in motion.

The words of the song and the thoughts

of the sermon had persistently repeated themselves in her mind ever since, but she didn't see how they applied to her. How could she make gifts when she had to spend all the money she earned on her clothes, and even then she was not dressed warmly enough to keep out the bitter cold. And as for love, she had none in her heart for anyone, for no one had any for her.

Could there be any truth in it? Was perhaps the last verse true, that we must share love if we would keep it, and that because she had ceased to give it she had ceased to have it? Did she have anything that she could give to others, or was there anything that she could do for others? The minister said, "A kind word." Yes, she could give that. "To give of what she had." Yes, she could do *that* if she were not too proud to give what was of so little value. "A pleasant look or a smile." Well, she *could* do that, though she hardly ever wanted to; but she would try it, for one day at any rate, if only to silence that persistent verse that haunted her so. She would either prove or disprove it.

So, with a firm resolve to give it a good trial, she went off to sleep.

When Mary awoke the next morning, the snow was falling fast and it was dark and cold, and she felt much disposed to grumble at the weather and her hard lot in having to go out into it; but she remembered her resolution, and went downstairs with a bright face, and said: "Well, Auntie, I guess we shall have to work fast this morning to keep warm. Aren't you glad we're not lame, and have to sit still?" Her aunt looked at her in surprise, but kept on with her work and said nothing, so that Mary did not feel very much encouraged by her first venture. At breakfast, Frankie, a little boy of seven, began to tell about some little toy he had seen at the store for a cent. "All the other boys have got them," he said. "It seems as if I might have a cent to spend once in a while."

His mother shook her head. "You might just as well ask for a dollar as for a cent," said she, "for I haven't either to give."

Mary saw another chance. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Frankie," said she; "I shall be paid to-night, and when I come home I will buy it for you if you will keep the front path shovelled out for your mother."

"All right," said he. And she couldn't help feeling happy as she saw the glow of delight that came over his face. Then she put on her hat and cloak, and started for her work.

As she turned around a cold corner, she saw Jimmie, the bootblack, standing there, too cold and miserable even to whistle. And she wished she could help him, for she knew he would get very little work that day. It was pretty hard for her; but she knew that a pleasant word was all she had for him. So she mustered up courage and said, with a smile, "I wish I could afford to have my boots blacked, Jimmie, so as to help you out."

He touched his hat quickly and said, "Thank you, miss; but a pleasant word is more than most of 'um give me."

She went on, feeling glad that she had spoken and tried to look pleasant and speak cheerfully whenever any one looked at her. And at noontime, when the girls who lived at a distance collected in little groups to eat their lunch, she thought perhaps there would be a chance for her to exchange a pleasant greeting with somebody. But she had been in the habit of going off by herself and avoiding the others. So no one expected her, and she could not bring herself to join any of them. Finally, she saw a stranger, who had just come to the factory, standing alone looking out of the window. So she timidly went up to her and said: "Won't you eat your lunch with me? I am all alone, and you seem to be."

The girl turned around and smiled, though the tears had been in her eyes. "Thank you," said she; "I was very lonely." And then she blushed and said: "I may as well tell you, some of the other girls asked me to sit with them. But they seem to have such nice dinners, and I have so little, that I was ashamed."

Here, then, was another chance to encourage, and more opportunity for kind words, and Mary did her best. And when she went back to her work, she was surprised to see how happy she felt.

Could it be that this warm, tender, uplifting feeling that seemed to be going all through her, was the spirit of love flowing in, because she had been giving it out and making room for more? Why, she really felt as though she *wanted* to speak to everybody,—as though she would like to help

everybody. She didn't feel at all like her old, unhappy self, who thought she owed the whole world a grudge. And she began to plan, in spite of her poverty, how she could make somebody happy on the Christmas that was coming.

When her work was done and she went to the superintendent for her money, he asked her if she would wait for a moment as he would like to speak to her.

After the others had gone he came to her and said, "I have a sick wife at home, and always on Christmas day it has been her habit to have some of the girls that she thought needed help and encouragement come to the house and spend the day with her; but she is feeling so miserable that she said to me this morning, 'I cannot comfort anybody nor entertain anybody this year, I am so miserable myself; but I am very lonely, and if you can bring home anyone that will bring some sunshine into the house, and some of the peace of Christmas, I wish you would.' I have been watching the different girls to-day," said he, "and I saw you as you went to the stranger so kindly and pleasantly, and made up my mind that what you could do for one, you could do for another, and if you will, I would like to have you dine with us to-morrow."

A flood of joy went over her heart like a burst of sunshine. To think that anybody could possibly want what she had to give; to think that somebody had seen in her face peace and kindness and love; the very things she had always thought were neither in the world for her, nor in her for anybody in the world. She thanked him, promised to come, and went on her way home, feeling that a new life would indeed begin for her on Christmas day. It was only a one day's sowing, but what a harvest! She bought the toy for Frankie and went home with such a new look on her face, that when she gave it to him, he said a little hesitatingly, "I like you."

When she told her aunt of the invitation, her aunt said rather surlily, "You seem very much pleased over it. I suppose you think you will get a fine dinner." Mary checked a hasty answer and replied, "Yes, I suppose I shall; but I think that what makes me feel so happy is to think that somebody wants me." Her aunt's face smoothed a little and she said more graciously, "Well, to tell the truth, Mary, you can't expect folks to be very pleasant with you, if you are not pleasant with them, and if you would be more like what you have been to-day when you are at home, we might like you better." Mary had not the courage to tell her day's experience, but she simply said, "I am going to try."

When she lay down to sleep that night, life had for her a new interest which amounted almost to a feeling of joy; and now the song was singing itself in her heart with a new meaning, and, as her eyelids gradually closed, it seemed to float like a benediction over her.

"Make channels for the streams of love,
That they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing founts,
To fill them every one."

CLARA K. DALY.

TO THE PEOPLE.*

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Good Friends,—It is at once a happy privilege and a serious responsibility to make the "Address to the People" at the installation of my friend, Minot J. Savage, as minister of this historic church.

The reason for assigning to me this part of the service is, I believe, that I am the most venerable minister of our local fellowship, Father Collyer excepted, and he has made so many addresses to this people that one more would not be so special as the installation address to the people is supposed to be. It is so short a time since I was taking the boy's parts on our sacred stage that, if I wear my patriarchal honors somewhat blushingly and awkwardly, you will not think it strange.

First of all let me congratulate you that, while you are on with the new minister, you are not yet off with the old, that his benignant face still shines upon you, in his customary haunts, and that his Yorkshire burr still sticks to your pulpit cushion with as sweet a kernel in it as the best English walnut ever had. No morning star was ever

* Address delivered at the installation of Minot J. Savage, D.D., at the Church of the Messiah, New York, Nov. 22, 1896.

fresher from the sea than he was at Rochester the other day, singing for us the morning song of creation; and I am not without a hope that, having preached my ordination sermon in 1864, and preached it over to us again in 1889, he will come over and preach it a third time on my fiftieth anniversary, if I should last so long. For my sake, then, as well as for your own, I charge you that you cherish him with the utmost tenderness of filial care.

I congratulate you that in your new minister you have one of the most representative ministers of our Unitarian fellowship. In one sense, at least, I might say the most representative; for no one else has, in these later years, represented our Unitarian gospel on so many great occasions, to so many and such diverse congregations, and through his printed sermons to so many thousands —if I should not, remembering how many have been published every year, say so many millions—of our countrymen, and those in other lands. And he has represented our gospel in its simplicity and sincerity, and positive, affirmative, and constructive spirit. In its simplicity: President Eliot has told us recently that there is no better gymnastic for the man of intellectual ability than the serious and conscientious purpose and endeavor to express his thought in the simplest manner possible. Dr. Savage has had plenty of this gymnastic, at once strengthening his own powers and making them serviceable to the community. As he represents our gospel in its simplicity, so has he represented it in its sincerity.

Time was when the main business of the Unitarian minister was to disguise his thought, to make it seem as much like the old orthodoxies as possible, like one who said:—

"My wound is great because it is so small,"

to which another very properly made answer: —

"Then it were greater were it none at all."

If all the virtue of Unitarianism was in being so much like the old orthodoxy, why not take this in its purity and let the other go?

But Dr. Savage was not born free. All through his childhood, youth, and earlier manhood he was bound hand and foot with the galling, ulcerating fetters of the old theology; and he knew exactly what they were. With a great price obtained he this freedom which he now enjoys, and so it means much to him; and his disposition and resolve are to distinguish things that differ, and see things as they are. It will, perhaps, occur to some of you that orthodoxy is not now what it was when it elicited the early Unitarian protest. True, very true. Much of our progressive orthodoxy has progressed further than had our Unitarianism fifty years ago. But, in the meantime, we have been twitching our mantles blue, and every morrow starting for fresh woods and new pastures. It happens, consequently, that the new Unitarianism and the new orthodoxy are quite different entities.

I congratulate you that your new minister has not heretofore disguised this fact; that with all fit rejoicing in the amelioration of the traditional dogmas, he has understood that this amelioration is mainly local and sporadic, an affair of scholarship and cultivation, while still the traditional dogmas lurk and prowl in every jungle into which the light of the new thought has never come. He also understands that the public statement of progressive orthodoxy is often better calculated to obscure than to reveal its essential agreement with our Unitarian thought. A good many of us the other day at Rochester listened to a profoundly able statement of the new orthodox theology; and never were we more heartily convinced that our Unitarian occupation is not gone, so different was the manner and the method from our own, and so ill calculated, we could but think, to commend the truth involved to men whose week-day habit is to call a spade a spade and not give it some sesquipedalian name which not one man in fifty or five hundred would understand as meaning a spade, a spade only, and nothing but a spade. The more completely we translate our theology into the language of our daily life, the better it will be for all concerned.

And as your new minister stands for the simplicity and sincerity of our Unitarian gospel, so does he stand, and equally, for its positive, affirmative, constructive spirit.

In the rebuilding of Jerusalem there were those who wrought having in one hand a sword and in the other a trowel. For sword say pick, and you have a good account of Dr.

Savage's theological method. "The waster is a builder too," sang Whittier, and it has been so with our friend. He has felt the difficulty of satisfying those who are like the people who wanted their new meeting-house on the site of the old one, just the same size, the old one not to be disturbed in any particular until the new one was finished. He has appreciated the absurdity of the saying that we must never destroy anything if we haven't got something else to put in its place. It has always been considered a good thing in Abraham—of Abraham Lincoln it was also true—that he went out *not knowing whither.*

But Dr. Savage has consistently denied the allegation that Unitarian doctrines are or ever were so many "pale negations." The unity of God, the dignity of human nature, the sovereignty of ethics, salvation by character,—if these were negations they were negations of negations and hence affirmations. It is not otherwise with our universal inspiration and our universal incarnation.

It is necessary to intellectual clearness that we should understand what we do not believe as well as what we do; and while we must be always seeking for the underlying unities of thought and feeling, we shall not hasten but retard the wheels of Truth's victorious car if we do not frankly recognize our differences from those who hold in all sincerity beliefs we cannot entertain.

With such a man as Dr. Savage for your minister, everywhere known among us as a preacher of persuasive eloquence, your temptation will be singularly strong to devolve the whole burden of your church affairs upon his shoulders and to trust to him alone for your success. If you do that, your ultimate success will be "a cipher with the rim removed." There is as much truth as humor in the homely saying, "If the Lord will have a church in Oakham, he must take such people as there be there to make it." Such *people.* No minister alone can make a church. The people might perhaps without a minister, but not the minister without the people; not if he were a Chrysostom or a Beecher or a Phillips Brooks. Now, what, as a people, can you contribute to the success of this church? First, your habitual presence at its services (that will be the easiest part). Second, your generous and prompt support to its financial burdens. There is a story of a man who stole a meeting-house. Those who steal their preaching are like the stars in heaven for number. Be not of their assembly. That is no true church of God to which all are not welcome, those who can contribute nothing equally with those who have and give abundantly. But on the other hand, an honest church has a right to expect that every honest man who can do something for its support will do that something cheerfully.

This also you must do: translate the sermons you admire so much into the language of your business and your politics, your social, personal, and domestic life. Live what you hear.

Again: whatever active part this church has taken in the general work of the American Unitarian Association and our local conference, make it more active and more generous, if you can do so consistently with other lawful claims upon your sympathy and help. Remembering graciously that no other church in our communion has been helped so grandly as your own in its extremity, you will convert the energy of your gratitude for that willing service into the energy of joyous common work for our great common cause.

To this end, however efficient your Women's Alliance may be already, see to it that you make it twice or thrice as efficient as it is now, if possible enrolling every woman of the congregation in its working band.

And, finally, do not come here to be entertained or delighted or electrified, but come to be cheered, encouraged, and consoled, to be made ashamed of your follies and your sins, to dedicate yourselves to the service of your fellow-men. When David bought the threshing-floor of Araunah for thirty pieces of silver he said, "Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which costs me nothing." Bring your relations to this church and its ministry to this test: What does it cost me? Am I making any real sacrifice for it? That is a great passage in Isaiah where a man is described as cutting down a tree and making various things of it, "and of that which remains he maketh a god." Too much have we of this fag-end religion, everything else considered first,—and then on

Sunday morning, if it doesn't rain or isn't so pleasant that we must have an outing, or are not too tired from last night's theatre or cards, we will go to church, thanking God that we are not as other men are who never go at all. To love a church or anything in the line of social good we must make sacrifices for it of our time, our money, our pleasure, our inclination.

Religion should be no "remainder biscuit," but the bread of life which cometh down from the high heaven of our most consecrated purpose and our most passionate desire. And when it is this, it shall be not for our own hunger only, but we shall pass it on "like bread at sacrament" to others who are hungering for God.

O friends, if but the power were mine to conjure here a vision of "the things which are more excellent" impatiently awaiting your devotion and your sacrifice, it would so fascinate you and allure you, it would be such a marching-music in your blood and bones, that you could not restrain yourselves from following its lead though it were along a causeway perilous as that by which the peerless Galahad followed the shining of the Holy Grail! But if you are not disobedient to the heavenly vision as it is revealed to you from day to day, it will shine for you with ever rarer beauty, and with ever clearer light direct you on your way; and you—together with these twain, our Father Collyer and our Brother Savage—shall "stand erect, full-summed in all your powers, dispensing harvest, sowing the to-be."

Shall not these things be so?

THE SINLESSNESS OF JESUS.

The question of the sinlessness of Jesus is of much more practical value to Unitarians than to Trinitarians; for those who have started with the idea that Jesus is not a human being, but a god, are not called upon to account for his actions, or pass any judgment upon them.

Jesus declared distinctly that he was not "good,"—that is, in the sense that God is good, meaning that he was not perfect,—and we should take him at his word. He says, to the Pharisees it may be answered, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" But we do not think he at that time intended to claim absolute perfection for himself, but was simply defending himself from the charges they made against him. "Which of you," he means to say, "can prove your charges against me, that I have violated the law, and been guilty of blasphemy, and plotted against the Church and the State"? But for all essential purposes we believe him to have been sufficiently sinless to be the great Saviour of the world.

Let us look at some of our venerated leaders. Was not Washington far enough above the crowd of men to be set up as their ideal of patriotism, and practically sinless in comparison with the low and unworthy among his countrymen? We all feel that it is painful to see the cold-blooded critic trying to find flaws in his character before the eyes of the rising generation, and destroy the reverence of the young.

Is not Dr. Channing a sufficiently sinless guide to the weak and narrow-minded ignorant Christian believer who seeks help from him?

The Man of Nazareth is at this day exposed to the fiercest light of criticism that can be thrown on him. Not by literary men as such, for they, like the great writers of the past, Rousseau and others, pour out eloquent phrases of admiration for his character; not from scientific men, who are just beginning to find God himself, and cannot yet give their attention to his great Son; not from our liberal Trinitarian brethren, because they are not yet willing to let Jesus down from his Godhead,—it is from the men in our Unitarian ranks, preachers and writers, that these unsparing judgments come. Well, this criticism ought to come. If Jesus is vulnerable, the sooner these criticisms come to destroy our one ideal, the better.

But are these modern judgments always sound? There are several scenes in the record of the works of Jesus which, if taken literally, undoubtedly militate against the self-restraint and wisdom of his character. They are stories; and stories can never be classed with his own great utterances on great occasions.

The cursing of the fig-tree was easily an exaggeration by his disciples of the fact that Jesus had predicted that the tree

would die, and drawn a lesson from it; and the supposed devils in the herd of swine were probably only the panic and fright in them, caused by the violent movements of the insane man.

But there are great scenes in the life of Jesus which the world has looked upon with awe and admiration, as contrasted with his usual gentle, calm demeanor. And yet the writer of a very valuable and able article in the October number of this magazine, on the doctrine of the "Deity of Jesus Christ," has written one paragraph which I wish were not there. I agree with the writer in his clear and reasonable statements in regard to the human nature of Jesus, and his liability to error in the sight of God; but in the sight of man we must be very careful how we convict him of sin without good grounds, if we wish to keep one great ideal.

The writer says, "We know from his terrible invectives on several occasions that he was capable of being carried away with passionate anger." Now, this is a painful picture to set before the young. If it is true, let it come, and let our ideal go. But there is no proof that it is true. The denunciation of the Pharisees has always been looked upon, by sceptics and Christians alike, as a magnificent outburst of moral indignation against rank hypocrisy, from a man who bore all kinds of insults to himself on the way to the cross and never uttered a word!

A writer in the *New World*, who has furnished another very able article also on the nature of Christ, carries this criticism sometimes to an extreme point, which would be untenable if aimed at a great man to-day. I do not believe that Jesus was under any illusion in regard to his second coming. He declares that his coming is like the lightning in every part of the world,—evanescent and powerful, but not tangible. He was a seer, and saw in picture the destruction of Jerusalem. Must we never be able to make allowance for the Oriental speech of this descendant of a line of fiery prophets? Our writer even criticises the scene before Pilate,—that great masterpiece of the ages,—and asks if "the conduct of Jesus in the court of Pilate was that of the broadest beneficence?" "Did he take the clear course to bring out the best in the brutish men who surrounded him, or rather drive them to do their worst?"

Both these articles are of the finest order. I agree substantially with the ground taken in both; but a few extreme utterances often do harm. A writer cannot help having his opinions; but, in such instances as these, in the judgment of character, he has no proof that he is right. And, when dealing with a great world-wide personality, he should stop and think before he disparages a sublime ideal in the literal mind of another, an ideal which he still cherishes himself. To come down to the plain truth, we, as Unitarian children, were taught to imitate Jesus of Nazareth, and I trust the day will never come when he is not the model and guide for the children in our churches.

MARTHA PERRY LOWE.

FOSSILS AND FAILURES.

BY JOHN VAN SCHAICK, JR.

The old-fashioned brick church at Arietta was crowded to the doors with an enthusiastic assemblage of delegates, preachers, and laymen, who had come to the fifth annual convention of the Young People's Societies of the Adirondack District. Gray-haired veterans were scattered among the fresh-faced, fair-haired young men and women. They had driven twenty and thirty miles through the autumn mud to attend the convention, and "keep the young folks straight."

A sympathetic outsider, seated in the long gallery where he could overlook the scene, might, if he were of a reflective temperament, have indulged in some pleasant anticipations concerning the good to come out of it all.

Here were a hundred impressionable young people, representing isolated churches, who had come together to get new ideas, better methods of work, and the enthusiasm that should always come from such gatherings. Some, of course, were dull, stupid, and narrow; but among their number were many anxious to be taught, ready to do some kindly deed, capable of accomplishing much good in the world if their energies were turned into the right channel.

Those who directed the affairs of the convention were, however, practically dead to

this world and its opportunities. They had lived so long in the past among the musty tomes of their theology that they had become true fossils, as unchangeable in their views as the petrified trilobite in its form. The afternoon exercises would have been laughable if they had not been so tedious. After the ordinary opening services, the pastor loci stepped forward and began his address of welcome. As a speaker, he was the best of the day; but he took his hearers back to the Middle Ages, dwelt upon the founder of their particular Zion, and urged adherence to every "jot and tittle" of the law as he had expounded it. As an exposition upon ecclesiastical history it was a tolerable success, but as an address of welcome, it fell flat.

It devolved upon the president of the convention to respond. He was a layman from a neighboring city, and he performed his duty by reading an elaborate article calculated to show that the true apostolic succession was in their Church, and that the so-called ministers of all other denominations were working without divine sanction or approval. He evidently wished to impress upon the learned doctors of divinity present that he was a past-master in the art of using theological verbiage, and in this he was eminently successful.

Half of the afternoon had passed when he finished. As the clergymen who were to fill the first two periods were happily absent, the convention turned its attention to a discussion of the question, "How can we Promote more Effective League Work?" No one had been assigned to the topic,—no young people, in fact, had been put upon the programme at all,—but there was no delay. "The spirit moved powerfully." An old gray-bearded doctor took the floor, and discussed all the subjects in his repertoire from "Infant Damnation" to "The Late Unpleasantness between John Calvin and Martin Luther." A younger brother, not to be outdone, traced the origin of all the denominations, and set forth the especial peculiarities of their own doctrine. Number three was a tall, spectacled divine, with a grievance against the American Bible Society. When he finished berating that organization for its liberality every one was very weary, but was destined to become still more so.

At one of the dinner tables that day a genial, sunny-tempered host had broached the subject of church unity. A professor from the one theological seminary of the district had been present. He explained the time-worn creed of the denomination, and after denouncing bitterly the heresies of other sects said that church unity would come when all the world would come to them and accept every dogma that he then enunciated. Until that time, work done with these others was sinful, because the "Almighty had hidden his face from them." The climax of the ridiculous was reached when, in search of an illustration, he went back to the Arian-Athanasian Controversy of the fourth century, dragged forth the ancient dispute concerning "homo-ousia" and "homoi-ousia," and learnedly vindicated the position of the great Athanasius.

Night spread her kindly mantle over the scene when he ended. Inasmuch as the evening lecturer had not reached town, the convention adjourned, and the delegates sought their several homes, with weary brains, chilled hearts and starving souls.

Not one word had been said about religion. It was all theology. Nothing had been brought before the convention calculated to stimulate the religious life of a single soul,—nothing to lead to unselfish living, to a kindly love of fellowman, to increased devotion to the cause of Christ. That a score of social and political questions are waiting for settlement, that hundreds of reform enterprises are longing for Christian helpers, that thousands of wrecked homes need visitation and millions of perishing souls the outstretching of a friendly hand,—all these facts were ignored. The grandest gospel of the age, that of love to God and love for fellow-man, was swallowed up by the hydra-headed monster of extinct theology.

Fossils have their place. Locked in a glass-case in museums, they are objects of interest and instruction. So with our "theological fossils." To the antiquarian, they are sources of pleasure, equal almost to that derived from some relic of the antediluvian world; but in young people's associations, in all enterprises requiring skill and courage, and especially in the great nineteenth century conflicts with the forces of sin and wickedness, "fossils" are "failures."

THE FINEST OF THE WHEAT.

"He maketh peace in all thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat."—PSALM cxlvii. 14.

Beautiful is the peace of thy holiness, O God, when it holds the heart in the stillness of its dear and fruitful life! In the thought of thy loving holiness, ever eager to bless us with fulness of life, how divinely glad the soul grows! The entire being blossoms to thy praises as flowers open in noble fields to the fulness of the sun shining warm in their hearts.

What a harvest of nourishing truth springs to its full, when, in the fields of the soul, the warrings of sin are stilled in thy peace coming to possess thine own! The victories appear in the finest of the wheat, and throughout all my borders thy holy quiet broods.

May thy peace abide in the possession of my soul! Then would thy beauty take me in its divineness, thy truth would golden in all my fields, and love have never a hunger unsatisfied.

In thee, who art the Life of all life, is the conquest of every peace. In thy holy quiet upon the soul beats the pulse of all that prospers, of all that increases to bless. When I am alone my foes have an easy victory. They revel in triumph; they waste the land and leave it desolate. But when thou comest, truth wins its victories of peace, and goodness redeems the waste places, making them fair and fruitful.

So it is, O tender One, true One, that I turn to thee for a new creation, for deliverance from the power of falsehood, from the wastings of evil. Here is the truth which thou hast given me! Give it an increase of life in thine own holy love, until falsehoods shall flee it as the night flees the morning. Here are the holy loves which thou hast given me! Give them an increase of truth, that they fulfil thine inmost tender intent in my outmost roughest life! May thy truth and thy love realize in me a holy marriage until the waste places of my earth are bepeopled with children possessing the land in righteousness.

That this may be, may I cherish all that thou art and hast done in me, in that noble gratitude always sure to find thee in a diviner measure of helpfulness. In all these things of the earth may I recognize thy loving kindness and tender mercies, thinking upon thy children, caring for them. In the daily bread thou makest to grow I would worship thee, happy to give back to thee some love for love. When water quenches my thirst, my gratitude would reach its spiritual hand deep enough to touch the hand of thy love holding the cup to my lips. I would worship thee in the joy of the grape, that the wine of the eternal life may nourish even as these purple clusters so graciously feed the body's hunger. In all these beauties of the earth, I would love thee tenderly enough, true enough, to have revealed in my soul the beauty of holiness, out of which all other beauty comes. In the dear human friends thou givest, I would so realize a loving thought of thee, as, through them, to enter into the divine human friendliness in which every loving heart beats. In these thoughts that fly my brain like happy birds the sky, I would think deep enough to be touched with the glory of thy truth in which thou hast thought out thy creation, making its glory appear in the midst of the years. In these loves that are the very sweetness of my life, I would feel deep enough to enter into the conscious keeping of thy great heart, whose beating is the life of thy universe and the love by which human friends keep alive.

In all my thoughts I would acknowledge thee, that the truth that is eternal clear its heavens in my brain! In all my loves I would acknowledge thee, so that the love that is eternal may make its heavenly summers in my soul. In all my ways I would acknowledge thee, that the perfect way may clear about my feet, shining more and more unto the perfect day! In the quiet of my holiness I would acknowledge thee, that the holiness that is eternal may possess my being, my lips rejoicing in the psalm, "He maketh peace in all my borders, and filleth me with the finest of the wheat!"

Life is of Thee,
Tender One, true One!
Life here in me,
In the bird there, the blue one!

My heart beats Thee out
In all of its graces.
I find Thee about
In my friends' smiling faces.

In the oriole's wing
I see Thy life burning.
I hear Thy life sing
In the nightingale's yearning.

In the curve of the snake,
In gnat-wings out-rhyming,
In the noise marshes make,
Is Thy life still a-chiming.

In each little bliss
Of every heart beating,
Hides thy life-giving kiss
Thine own joy completing.

Each voice sings to me,
The old one, the new one,
That life is of Thee,
Thou tender One, true One!

Pastor Quiet.

A VILLAGE PRIEST.

[Translated from the French.]

There was a terrible fight going on a mile or two from the village of Hooties. The air resounded with the noise of the rifles: cannon awakened the echoes, and in the distance could be seen dark, heavy columns of smoke and powder.

The curé knelt before the altar, praying for his people. Around him, pale with fright, the villagers were begging God to protect them.

Two young lads; stealing from bush to bush and softly approaching the ranks, fired on the Prussians. "Fire two loads in pursuit!" said the officer.

Then a detachment of German soldiers galloped toward the village. There they arrested six of the inhabitants, the first they met, and took them before the mayor. "You are the highest in authority," said the commanding officer to this official. "I come, then, to tell you that some one has fired on his majesty's troops near your village. Being nearest to the scene of the crime, you are held responsible. You must hand over the guilty ones, or else six of the inhabitants of the village will be shot as an example. I will wait until to-morrow at eleven o'clock. The execution must take place at noon. In the meanwhile your village is under martial law, and I will guard the prisoners." It would be impossible to describe the feelings of the poor village people. The women uttered the most lamentable cries. The people met together, and it was resolved with sighs and tears to let fate decide who should be the victims by drawing lots. Those who had fired on the Germans did not belong to the community. They came from a distance, following the Prussian column.

The day was spent in discussion, lamentation, and sorrow. The mayor, the curé, and two old men, bent with the weight of more than eighty years, vainly begged the Prussian officer for mercy. The women came weeping. All was in vain.

The six unhappy men designated were delivered to him at five o'clock that evening, and confined in the hall of the school-room on the ground floor of the mayor's house. The Prussian officer authorized the curé to carry to the men the consolations of religion. Their hands were tied behind their backs, and the same rope tied their legs together. They were so prostrated that they could scarcely understand what the curé said. Two of them had fainted. At one end of the line, with his head raised and his brow apparently unruffled, stood a man of about forty years of age, the father of five motherless children, whose only support he was. He wept over his children whom he was to leave to poverty, perhaps to starvation.

All the efforts of the curé were unable to bring peace to this crushed spirit. Finally, he went out, and walked slowly to the guard-house where the officer was quartered. The latter was smoking a large porcelain pipe. He continued to smoke, and listened to the curé without interrupting him.

"Captain," said the curé, "six hostages are in your hands who within a few hours are to be shot down. Not one of them has fired upon your troops. The guilty ones have escaped, and your intention is to give an example that will serve as a warning to the inhabitants of other localities. It makes little difference to you whether you shoot one or another. I would say, though, the better known the victim, the stronger would be the warning. So I come to ask you as a favor to let me take the place of a father whose death would leave five little children in misery. He and I are both innocent, but my death will be less regretted than his."

"Just as you please," said the officer.

Four soldiers led the curé to prison. He

was tied hand and foot with the other victims. The peasant whose place he took, the father of the five children, embraced his benefactor.

We will not try to paint the anguish of that night. When daybreak came, the curé had revived the courage of his companions in misery.

The poor fellows, at first stupefied by fear, had now become at the voice of the priest glorious martyrs, who were supported by Christian faith and the hope of a better life. At eleven o'clock a military escort halted at the door, and the prisoners were marched out. The curé at their head recited aloud the Office of the Dead. Along the road knelt the villagers, waiting to get a last look at their pastor. They had come to the place of execution, when a major in the Prussian army, who happened to be passing with an order, stopped.

The sight of the priest attracted his attention. The captain explained. The major ordered the execution delayed, and reported to the general-in-chief. The general ordered the curé to be brought before him. The explanation was short.

The general was a noble-hearted man. He said to the curé: "Sir, I do not wish your death. Go, and tell your parishioners that for your sake I show mercy to them all."

When the curé was gone, the Prussian general said to the officers who had witnessed the scene,—

"If every Frenchman had a heart like this simple priest, we would not stay long on this side of the Rhine."

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

Sunday.

It Came upon the Midnight Clear.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

With all the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

—*Edmund Hamilton Sears.*

Monday.

The Light of Bethlehem.

'Tis Christmas night, the snow
A flock unnumbered lies;
The old Judean stars aglow
Keep watch within the skies.

An icy stillness holds
The pulses of the night:
A deeper mystery infolds
The wondering Hosts of Light.

Till, lo! with reverence pale
That dims each diadem,
The lordliest, earthward bending, hail
The Light of Bethlehem.

—*John B. Tabb.*

Tuesday.

Christmas Tide.

A merry Christmas! How the old words waken
A thrill and throb for many a Christmas fled,
For hopes fulfilled not that the years have taken
Into their keeping, like the tears ye shed!

A merry Christmas! Let the happy chorus
Bring a new thrill, new freedom, new delight;
Past pain makes present joy but sweeter for us,
E'en as the dawn of morning after night.

A merry Christmas! Be ye thankful ever
For friendship that is left, warm, sure, and strong,
For love that fills your hearts with high endeavor.
Live life anew. Ye do the Past no wrong.

A merry Christmas! Life has halting places,
Where ye may pause in all the busy strife,
To comfort those whose sorrow-stricken faces
Tell their own story in the book of life.

A merry Christmas! Raise on high the holly,
With spirits leaping at the sound of mirth;
Far nobler than all sorrow is your folly
That sheds good will and gladness o'er the earth.

—*Harriet Kendall.*

Wednesday.

The Nativity.

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

"What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels answering overhead
Sang "Peace on earth, good will to men."

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angels' song,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

—*J. R. Lowell.*

Thursday.

The Christmas Song.

There's a song in the air,
There's a star in the sky,
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry,
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Aye, the star rains its fire, and the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

In the light of the star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world,
Every hearth is aflame, and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Aye, we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King.

—*J. G. Holland.*

Friday.

Christmas Greeting.

Down the ages hoary,
Peal the song of glory,
Peace, and God's good-will!
Other echoes die away,
But the song of Christmas day
Echoes from Judean hill,
Ever clearer, louder still,
Oh, may its holy, heavenly chime
Make all thy life a Christmas time!

Saturday.

The Man of Nazareth.

A cloud received him out of sight,
Even so; and then men knew no more
The human presence warm and bright,
As he had walked the earth before;

The preacher of the mountain side,
Teaching the kingdom's reign within,
Strong in rebuke of hardened pride,
Yet pitiful of conscious sin.

But, sceptred now and throned afar,
They watched in dread his swift return,
To see before his judgment bar
The earth dissolve and heavens burn.

The gathered clouds of centuries lift,
No king in wrath descends to reign.
Yet, king-like, through the shining rift
The Man of Nazareth comes again.

O Friend and Brother, draw more near,
The while thy festival we keep!
Diviner shall our lives appear,
Held fast in thy high fellowship.

—*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

EDITORIAL.

Good-by, Old Year! This number closes our eleventh volume. We add an index and urge all subscribers to send in their copies for the year to be bound, as no such record of our work can in any other way be obtained.

We especially invite the attention of ministers to the practical value of this year's volume of the *Unitarian* to keep at hand for ready reference.

Looking over the twelve months, we see that we have received reports from an average of thirty churches each month, and that one hundred and fifty different churches have contributed during the year. We expect to keep on increasing this list till we are in regular communication with every church.

In addition to these reports we published historical sketches of five churches: Arlington Street, King's Chapel, First Church of Roxbury, Church of the Disciples, and First Church of Philadelphia. These form valuable historical material.

The monthly letters from the Secretary of the A. U. A., included in this volume, give a unique survey of denominational activity, through a peculiarly trying crisis, concluding with the happy prophecy that we are now entering upon work in which all who take part will afterward be glad to share the honor.

We are proud also to have published during the year such essays of permanent value as Dr. Fiske's "Eternal Reality of Religion," Dr. C. C. Everett's "Century of Unitarianism," and Dr. Minot J. Savage's "Grander Revelation."

The sermons we have selected have been chiefly from younger preachers, who seemed to us to be making their mark, and whose reputations, we think, will, in the next ten years, warrant our selection. The first sermon in this volume was by Rev. Henry T. Secrist, who has since been called to the important post at All Souls', Roxbury, one of our strongest Boston suburban churches.

Appreciation. We receive more new subscribers through the kind words and efforts on our behalf of our present subscribers than in any other way.

That appreciation in itself helps us into closer relations with every phase of our denominational life, and that is our first object, in order that we may fairly reflect the entire field.

Experienced workers tell us that, as women and laymen, they find they can most effectively co-operate with our ministers and missionaries in extending the knowledge of our faith by circulating copies of the Unitarian.

Co-operation. In becoming a subscriber you receive for a nominal sum not only the newest utterances of our faith and the ablest religious addresses of the day, but the most complete survey and report of what is going on in all churches, conferences, and departments of the denomination, as well as reviews of the best books, selections for the spiritual life, and many things besides, including a special corner for the children.

For the New Year. We shall have a more thorough review of the happenings in the religious world at large than has been possible in the last year.

There will be more for the children. Shorter articles, but most timely, will be our rule. A series of "Great Chapters from the Greatest Book" will be a new feature; also a series of very short papers to be called "Little Questions on the Way of Life." These will be reprinted in small leaflet form, especially for use in church vestibules. They will in a very direct personal way seek to lead toward the higher religious life.

Passing on the Glad Tidings. We have received several communications which give evidence of the admirable impetus given to Unitarian thought and the interest aroused by the group of leading Unitarian ministers who are making a tour through the Western States. Rev. George Batchelor, Rev. E. A. Horton, Rev. C. M. Crothers have inspired enthusiasm wherever they have spoken, and large audiences have everywhere assembled hungry for the life-giving word. It is thus we strive to fulfil our obligations, by passing on the glad tidings.

Minister, Editor, Congressman! WHAT greater combination of ability and responsibility can be suggested? Sixteen years ago Samuel J. Barrows resigned the pastorate of a large and prosperous church to enter upon the even wider field that is tilled by the assiduous labors of editor of our denominational weekly paper, the *Christian Register*. Now, at the popular command of the majority, Mr. Barrows finds himself called to still graver duties, heavier responsibilities, and wider influence. This is, however, only a just application of the parable of the talents; and it is cause for great congratulation that we should have a man of such conspicuous capacity ready thus to go forward and meet the growing demands of the nation. It is not too often that a man of such high ideals and such blameless character, together with so much vigorous common sense and energy, is sent to Washington; and we venture the prophecy that Mr. Barrows, who is now just at the prime of life, is entering a career in which he will not only become distinguished, but will render lasting and permanent service to the country he goes to serve.

Unitarianism in New York. THE installation of Dr. Minot J. Savage as associate with Dr. Robert Collyer took place in the Church of the Messiah, New York City, November 22, and is reported in our "News" department. The event, however, is so important that it calls for special remark.

For twenty-one years Mr. Savage has occupied the pulpit of the Church of the Unity in Boston, which really came to be known as his church. During that period a vast number of people for longer or shorter terms came under his ministry, many only as visitors, staying over at the hotels or during a temporary residence in the city. In almost every State in the Union one meets some one who "used to hear Mr. Savage." Still more have read his sermons in "Unity Pulpit." Till to-day his message of the Unitarian faith is probably more widely known than any other. For Mr. Savage to enter the lists in New York against unenlightenment, apathy, error, and agnosticism, means the bringing to bear upon the hosts of that metropolis of the best power we possess. If it is possible for the banner of truth, shining with the light of love, to be so planted in that city that the wandering wayfarer can see it and rally to it, Mr. Savage is of all men most able so to plant it.

To Church. A WISE writer, in discussing the question of church attendance in a recent number of the *Homiletic Review*, lays well deserved stress upon the neglect of religious training, especially of the boys in the home. Many boys, the writer thinks, might as well have no fathers at all for all the attention they give to their moral training. And again, "while there are many parents who make some attempt to guard and train their boys, their efforts are too feeble and fickle to accomplish much good." The result is that boys show an aversion to the Sunday-school and then to the church. The conclusion reached by the writer is that if we would have more men at church, we must begin early with the boys.

Moral Christian Unity. AN article in the *Westminster Review* contends ably for a moral rather than a theological basis of Christian Unity. Referring to creedal controversy it is said:

"The great antidote to such useless controversy, and the best promoter of co-operation between the representatives of the various religious and ethical schools is to be found in thorough occupation, at all points, of their *common moral standing-ground*. If, instead of attacking each other, they unitedly opposed all persons and principles that assailed *this*, they would *mutually* contribute, despite the greatest theological differences, to the world's progress. The mere fact of classes, so theologically severed, uniting for moral ends, would in itself operate as a practical power for good worth all the vindications of mere opinion ever uttered. The value of this moral testimony has been particularly shown in the case of the Society of Friends, who while formally repudiating creeds, formularies, and sacraments, and scrupulously avoiding all religious controversy, have been most conspicuous for holy living and for the promotion of religion, philanthropy, and national welfare. As Mr. Gladstone has truly said, 'The slight numerical importance of the Society

of Friends stands in a singular contrast with its undeniable moral influence, and the numerous lessons which are to be derived from its history.' And this has been confirmed by Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester. 'No body of men,' he said, 'numerically so small, has ever exercised influence so great,' a result manifestly due to its closer union of Christianity with the ethical spirit.

Emphatic Truth. MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, in an address recently delivered at Chesterfield, England, called attention to the necessity for an emphatic statement of the new truths in religion.

She said: "The task which fell to Unitarians was more than a mere guarding of opportunities. What was wanted now was not criticism, not rationalism—they had abundance of them: it was enthusiasm, faith, imagination. The new things were no less lovely than the old, but they wanted their new language. In that new language, art and beauty must bear a living part. The new church buildings should be beautiful, the new worship should be beautiful; they must be so if they were to appeal to and to satisfy the human creature as a whole."

A Wicked Religion. IN Assyrian history some startling horrors are recorded as part and parcel of religious faith. Even in Hebrew chronicles savagery mingles with devotion. But the evolution of ethics has been so steady and so rapid that we do not expect to find to-day a wicked religion.

Yet in what milder way can we characterize the apparently sincere attack made in the columns of "The United Presbyterian" against the beautiful Christianity of Ian Maclaren, when we find one of the most Christ-like passages in "The Country Doctor" denounced for its humaneness? Maclaren, it is said, "puts into the mouth of one of his characters a prayer to the Lord to deal kindly with the good doctor because he had not been hard upon the poor people whom he had visited in their sickness" and this we are told is "swallowed by unsuspecting Christians" as if it were right, whereas, it is destructive of real religious faith, "the only hope of mercy," being in the atonement of Christ, in the fact that "Jesus died and bore our sins."

According to this critic the parable of the good Samaritan is destructive of religious faith. So is the second commandment from the lips of the great Master, so are all human love and toil and sacrifice.

Such a religion in whatever enlightened age it may be proclaimed we emphatically pronounce wicked!

Faith, Firmness, and Forbearance. THESE were the last words of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, written at Mr. Gladstone's house at Hawarden, just before leaving to attend the service at which he was so suddenly stricken with death.

They are memorable words. They bear the character of the man who wrote them. They do not breathe the highest spirit. Here is neither the great word of "reason" nor the greater one of "love." They were written as his very last advice to his Church in her deliberations over Christian unity, and seem to reflect the undesirable attitude of aloofness which does not fit itself to the democratic popularity which alone could compass a reunion of divided ranks. They are all good words but they are not enough. A pinch of kindliness just now would be worth a mountain of firmness, a single touch of generosity would work more miracles than all the forbearance even of an archbishop.

"God or Man." THE article which appeared in the October *Unitarian* entitled "God or Man" was so clear and convincing a summary of the reasons for believing in the pure humanity of Jesus Christ, and was so well calculated to aid our young people in refuting the common arguments of Trinitarians, that we have published the article in small pamphlet form. We should be glad if every Unitarian minister or Sunday-school superintendent would send for a few copies to put in the hands of the leaders among the young people of all our churches. For ten two-cent stamps we will mail ten copies, or one hundred copies for $1.50.

Gift Books. WE call attention to an advertisement of books by Unitarians on the cover of this number. These special publications are likely to be found not only attractive, but very valuable as

gift books during the coming holidays. Such books as John W. Chadwick's "Old and New Unitarian Belief," or Minot J. Savage's "Evolution of Christianity," are standards of our faith that every Unitarian naturally feels a pride in giving or receiving. Another book, not dogmatic, but breathing in a most winning way the purest atmosphere of our religious heights, is Miss Channing's "Kindling Thoughts." A capital child's gift book is "Christmas Day and All the Year," stories selected by Mrs. Fanny B. Ames.

Dangerous Breadth.

GOOD Bishop Vincent, the Methodist Episcopal leader of the great Chautauqua School, has been getting himself into trouble just because he has been kind to some of us Unitarians.

A Unitarian lady talked with him about Jesus. She called herself a disciple, but she did not profess to believe in the Trinitarian view of Christ. The gentle, and let us say, for we believe it, the wise, Bishop is reported to have said, "The divinity of Christ is not an essential article of the Christian faith."

Some one immediately posted off a letter to the *Christian Observer*. From this the *Presbyterian Banner* made a leader. It had for a long time been apprehensive that the school at Chautauqua was "*broadening in the wrong* direction," that it gave conspicuous place to Unitarians, and so on. Now, a whole volley of inquiries have been hurled at the mild, hard-working patient bishop. We await developments.

Highest Dignitary in the English Church.

IT is a very remarkable evidence of the efficiency of political ecclesiastical appointments in England, that a man of such recognized and incontestable ability as Bishop Temple should have been promptly raised to the highest office of the church, without a word of discussion or a moment's hesitation. Dr. Temple as Archbishop of Canterbury ought to mark an era in the progress of the Episcopal Church. He represents an entirely different attitude of thought to that of the late Dr. Benson, who indeed was not much of a thinker at all.

If Dr. Temple were only ten years younger—he is now seventy-five—a great change might be anticipated in the administration of the powerful organization of which he is now the head. It is quite unlikely, however, that he can now command the strength, or bring to bear the vigor, necessary to undertake such change. Possibly that gave him his appointment. It is already thirty-one years since he took part in the famous "Essays and Reviews," which brought upon him the wrath of the High Church party, and delayed his advancement to a bishop's see for nearly ten years. His wise and forceful administration as Bishop of Exeter, however, won for him the appointment to the bishopric of London, which he now forsakes for the highest office in the Church,—that of Archbishop of Canterbury.

Departments.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

At the November meeting of the directors, there being no superintendent for the Pacific Coast, Mr. Batchelor presented the report of the committee with explanations. Applications had not been received from all the churches, but the following appropriations were made for the year beginning Dec. 1, 1896: Alameda, Cal., $200; Pomona, Cal., $250; Ontario, Cal., $200; Santa Maria, Cal., $200; Salem, Ore., $350; Santa Anna, Cal., $200; Spokane, Wash., $350; Puyallup, Wash., $100; for the expenses of Unitarian headquarters at San Francisco, $200. Some other appropriations were left at the discretion of the Secretary, with certain conditions.

The Secretary of the American Unitarian Association writes these notes while on the wing. In the week beginning November 8 he attended the Middle States Conference at Rochester, N.Y.; while Mr. Horton was with the Michigan Conference at Manistee, and Mr. Crothers with the Illinois Conference at Sterling. At the Wisconsin Conferance, at Milwaukee, the three came together. On Sunday, the 15th inst., the Secretary preached at Baraboo in the morning for Robert Douthit, the son of "Jasper." In the evening he spoke a word of greeting to six hundred people gathered in the Opera House at Madison to hear the first of a series of popular lectures by Mr. Simonds; then on by night to the Minnesota Conference at New Ulm, where again the three pilgrims came together,—Mr. Crothers from

Chicago, where he was *locum tenens* for Mr. Fenn, who was serving as college preacher at Harvard University, and Mr. Horton from Sioux City and the church of Miss Safford. Here Mr. Crothers dropped out of the triumvirate, leaving the Secretary and Mr. Horton to convey greetings to the Iowa Conference at Iowa City. Thence the Secretary hastened by night to Chicago to meet the Missionary Council, and again by night to preach on Sunday at Cleveland, Ohio, and to attend with Mr. Horton and Mr. Crothers the Ohio Conference.

It would be invidious to compare these conferences, with their many sessions and closely packed programmes. The mere catalogue of names and subjects would fill our page. But one spirit of harmony and an earnest desire to work together for the common good marked them all. The writer, out of abundant knowledge and experience, may be permitted to testify that he never has known a time when interest in the real things was so keen as now. There was no discordant note. Even when the Iowa farmer argued for the possibility of religion without prayer, the effect was to increase the spirit of prayer.

The most important resolution of the Missionary Council was one inviting the *Christian Register* to adapt itself to the needs of all parts of the country in such a way as to make it a national organ of our faith. It is a "far cry" to Boston; and those of us who have the freedom of the city, whether in Chicago or San Francisco, understand the longing to have an organ of communication which will be available for local uses as well as for general service. This need has been emphasized in several of the conferences. In the Iowa Conference a specific plan was prepared to be submitted to the Christian Register Association.

At last we are learning the lesson of true hospitality. It is to create a hospitable home to which to invite our friends of other forms of faith. For the Hebrew at present, if not for generations to come, the synagogue is better than the church. For some the conventicle without prayer is all that sincerity will allow. The Universalist is advancing along lines marked out for him by history and tradition. Let each do his best to solve problems and stimulate growth. Then let each, Jew and Gentile, Unitarian and Universalist, they who bear names and they who choose to be nameless, open their doors to each other, on occasion, with the most gracious hospitality.

GEORGE BATCHELOR, *Secretary.*

There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is not to be true to the best one knows.—*Canon Farrar.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Although the following resolutions take a good deal of space, yet they make such a capital "platform" for the Sunday-school campaign that I surrender some items to give them place. They were passed by the teachers and officers of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school in Columbus, Ohio: —

RESOLUTIONS.

The Sunday-school.—We believe the Sunday-school to be a most important branch of our church work, enabling both old and young to meet together for systematic study of God's word, and thus more perfectly learn his will, and how we can best promote the interests of his kingdom among men.

Membership.—We believe it is a privilege, as well as a duty, to give our time and strength to this form of Christian endeavor, and that it is worthy of our most earnest and self-sacrificing service.

Attendance.—We believe it is the duty of every officer and teacher to be in attendance on every session of our school, except when unavoidably detained; and when so detained, that ample notice should be given the superintendents, or a suitable substitute be provided.

Punctuality.—We believe it is very important for us all to be in our places, at least ten minutes before the opening hour, to greet our pupils, and that lack of promptness on our part is sure to be imitated by our classes.

The Service.—We believe it is our duty to assist heartily in the responsive readings, singing, and other parts of the service, and thus encourage our pupils to do the same.

Deportment.—We believe the best way to have a quiet and orderly school is for each officer and teacher, by precept and example, to personally assist the superintendents in all parts of the service to this end.

Records.—We believe it is the duty of every teacher to keep a careful record of the name and residence of every pupil, and, when absent, look them up by personal visitation, note, or message.

Numbers.—We believe, while the number of pupils is not the first consideration, that there is an enthusiasm in numbers, and that it is important to foster a missionary spirit in our classes, and constantly seek to bring in others, that we may be helpful to them.

Organization.—We believe that, in most cases, classes will work with more enthusiasm and success when organized with officers, and rallying and other committees.

Lesson Study.—We believe it is important that we begin to study the succeeding lesson as soon as the present one is over.

Lesson Helps.—We believe the use of lesson helps before our classes in many cases gives the impression to our pupils that we are not well prepared, and thus weakens our influence. Careful, conscientious preparation for our work, with intense earnestness, will in most cases command attention and do good.

Lesson Hour.—We believe it is our duty to devote every one of the few precious moments of the "lesson hour" in teaching helpful truths,

leaving all other matters aside, except those absolutely necessary to the right conduct of our classes.

Teachers' Meeting.—We believe the best Sunday-school workers agree that a really live, useful Sunday-school can rarely be found without a regular teachers' meeting for study and conference, and that this meeting ought to have the support of every teacher who can possibly attend.

Offerings.—We believe it is our duty to encourage every member of the school to bring an offering of some kind for our weekly collections, all of which go to the home and foreign missionary work.

Suggestions.—We believe it is the duty and the privilege of any officer or teacher to offer suggestions to each other looking to the improvement of our methods and the enlargement of our usefulness, if such suggestions are made in a helpful and kindly spirit.

Our Aim.—We believe that all our plans, all our helps, all our efforts, should have for their end and aim the conversion of those out of Christ, the building up in our most holy faith of those already "in the way," and in helping to answer our prayer, "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done."

The only revision I care to suggest would be in the last paragraph on "Our Aim," where the language is not exactly like our own. That could well be expressed in the last clause, so it would read, "That very activity is converged on the fulfilment of the prayer, 'Thy kingdom come; thy will be done.'"

The current leaflet lessons in the one-topic, three-grade course, on the "Story of Israel," are now ready for December. Subjects: "Isaiah of Babylon," "Home to the Old City," and "Ezra, the Scribe." The primary grade, which is on a four-page illustrated leaflet, is prepared by Rev. Albert Walkley; intermediate, by Rev. Edward A. Horton; and the advanced, by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. The intermediate and advanced grades are printed together on a four-page leaflet. Price, 50 cents a hundred leaflets.

No "Christmas Service" will be published this year by the Unitarian Sunday School Society. Our Sunday-schools are referred to the New Song and Service Book, or to reprints of former successful services.

"Christmas Thoughts." This is an exercise arranged for nine girls or young ladies, in which the thoughts and associations of Christmas are interpreted by the poets, and by Correggio's "Holy Night." This would occupy in a Sunday-school concert about twenty-five minutes. It is admirably adapted to the uses of our schools that have special services for the children. It is a four-page leaflet, with picture of Correggio's "Holy Night." Price, 5 cents a single copy. Send orders to the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

I commend to teachers two little books: "The Point of Contact in Teaching," by Patterson DuBois. Bound in cloth, price 60 cents. This is a help for workers in the primary department. The other is, "Teachers' Meetings: Their Necessity and Method," by H. Clay Trumbell. Bound in cloth, price 30 cents. Copies can be ordered of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

The annual report of the Unitarian Sunday School Society is now issued in pamphlet form. Copies can be had without cost on application.

The usual appeals of the Unitarian Sunday School Society to individuals and to Sunday-schools have just been sent out. It is hoped that they will find a quick and cordial response. I especially ask the friends of our cause to send in contributions at as early a date as possible.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

The secretary of the Young People's Religious Union has announced as a special subject for December 6 "Temperance: What Can We Do?" The following references and suggestions are given:—

Rev. W. C. Gannett's "Seven Studies of Temperance," with full references (price 10 cents); "Temperance and Purity," by Rev. Brooke Herford; "A Temperance Message from the Church to Young Men," by Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett; "Don't Drink," by Rev. A. A. Livermore; "The True Helpers' Trying," a story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "The New View" and "The Siberian Toboggan Slide," by Rev. C. F. Dole; "The Temperance Puritan," by Rev. E. E. Hale; "Keep Things Stirred Up," by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore; "How I became a Total Abstainer," by Mrs. L. Ormiston Chant; "Mistakes about Abstainers," by Dean Farrar; "Intemperance in its Relation to Social Ills," by Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer. All of these except the "Seven Studies" can be had free of charge by sending to the Unitarian Temperance Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

The Temperance Society will reissue its "Service of Temperance and Purity in Honor of the Life and Work of Edward Everett Hale" for use by the Young Peoples' Religious Union. The price is 1 cent a copy. It is hoped that this special service will be used by most of the young people's societies.

A remarkable report is issued this week by Mr. Horace G. Wadlin, chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of Massachusetts. It is on "The Relation of the Liquor

Traffic to Pauperism, Crime, and Insanity." An immense amount of labor has been bestowed upon the preparation of this report. The collection of information occupied twelve successive months. "It has been prosecuted through the different State institutions for the reception of paupers and the insane, and through the prisons and courts of the Commonwealth. All persons committed to these institutions, or passing through the courts for criminal offences, have been directly interviewed by the agents of the bureau, and their testimony taken concerning their habits with respect to the use of intoxicating liquors, and as to the habits of their parents, guardians, or others who may have exerted a direct influence upon them. The results of the investigation thus rest upon the direct testimony of those immediately concerned, except in the case of the insane, who, for obvious reasons, were incapable of giving direct information themselves."—*Christian Register.*

An extended review of this interesting volume will be given in a later number of the *Unitarian.*

An effort is to be made in Boston this winter to obtain from the legislature a law permitting local option by districts, the lines being suggested by the successive annexations which have been made to the city in more recent years. Whole sections which naturally stand by themselves have been added to the city. These are largely residential in character. The people residing in some of them have made persistent efforts for years to keep out the saloons, which, however, in consequence of the general vote of the city they have been obliged to accept. Many of these sections would vote no-license could they do so for themselves and not be obliged to consider other sections as a part of the problem. This movement will be watched with great interest. It has many advantages over the local-option-by-wards plan which has been often proposed and always defeated.

CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.

THE NEW YORK LEAGUE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.—The first meeting of this its tenth year was held at the Church of the Messiah, New York, Friday, November 6, with an attendance of about two hundred, and Miss Emma C. Low presiding. After the usual business, and the reading of an interesting account of the Young People's Religious Union movement, presented by Mrs. Morehouse of the Religious News Committee, the society took up for consideration the subject "Responsibility toward an Organization."

Mrs. William I. Nichols of Brooklyn gave a paper on the general subject. She showed the growth, at the present time, toward organization in every department of life, and of the advantages accruing from this "blessed altogetherness" as Gannett calls it, —this obedience of parts to the dictation of the head, to accomplish some worthy end. Little sermons were dropped by the way to those who come empty-handed to an organization and yet who expect to return home burdened with blessings.

But Mrs. Nichols called attention also to the other side of the question,—to organizations that have, from the changed conditions of life, outlived their purpose and have no excuse for being, or have become despotic; as for instance, the Freemason's Organization. Responsibility toward such ceases when it no longer stands for what it was organized. She also felt it objectionable for an organization to spread itself into communities where it was not needed, and where it would be an added burden and not a help.

Reviewing the benefits resulting from concerted action,—as in the critical periods of our own history from the formation of the Union until to-day, the United Charities Organization clubs, the family, the church, —the benefit of organization was proved. However, in closing came the caution : choose thoughtfully where one can best co-operate, and avoid the mistake of many of weakening one's influence by being allied to more than one can serve.

This paper was followed by one by Mrs. R. P. S. Webster, who confined herself strictly to "Our Responsibility toward the Church." Having proved that the Church, standing as it does for religious worship, for high ideals, for pure morality, solemnizing the great epochs of life, birth, marriage, and death, is an institution worthy of our co-operation, she considered how one can best serve it. By regular attendance at its meetings, not allowing it to degenerate into a selfish Church that prays and forgets to give; by helping along the Sunday-school and the Conferences; by watching for opportunities to spread what we believe our Church to stand for, the best spiritual conception of God and Humanity,—*so* can we serve her. If we had but as strong a conviction of our faith as the ancient Jews that they were the chosen people of God, we should work wonders.

Mrs. Catlin led the discussion, not entirely agreeing with the first paper that individuality was sacrificed by organization. Mrs. Toll, Mrs. Burton, and Mrs. Eaton each added some point to the general discussion, after which a hymn and the Lord's

Prayer ended the morning's serious thought, and the society adjourned to spend its usual social hour at luncheon.

ALICE P. JACKSON,
Rec. Sec'y.

BOOKS.

Through Love to Light. A Selection of Songs of Good Courage. Made by John W. Chadwick and Anne Hathaway Chadwick. Boston: Joseph Knight Company.—Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick have already rendered many homes and many minds distinctive service in the difficult field of anthology gathering. In "The Two Voices," and especially in "Out of the Heart: Poems for Lovers," the delicacy of poetic perception, so rare a gift, was very clearly felt, and it is the marked possession of that fine discrimination which makes the present volume valuable. Anyone can collect in a short time, say a thousand poems, but how infinitely difficult the task of elimination down to two hundred! That is why any collection to be worth using must be made under the eye of one who is himself a poet.

The admirable title of this collection, which by the way is the first line of a poem of Richard Watson Gilder's, defines the specific aim of the volume; that is to say, the selections were made of such inspiring verse as seemed in any way to lead "through love to light." The success of the attempt is complete. Not every poem included will approve itself to all readers; indeed some of the rather startling selections from quite modern sources hardly merit permanent praise. But the association in this one small and dainty volume of so many gems of expression, so elevating and so refreshing, poems which cheer and strengthen and inspire the highest qualities of noble life, make the book of rare value, and assure it a welcome, at once in many a home as a treasured possession.

Calendar. Bright skies and cloudless mornings cannot be depended upon for daily cheer and encouragement, but no one need succumb to the depressing influence of gloomy or changeful weather, who has at hand one of the new calendars just published by Geo. H. Ellis, Boston. The attractive, artistic appearance of the calendar, finished in white and gold, is at once suggestive of cheerfulness; and the permanent motto—"Strength, Sweetness, Light"—stands not only as a hope, but a promise of the benefit certain to accrue to the reader of each day's selection. It is very evident that the quotations embodied in the calendar have been carefully chosen, from a wide range of inspiring authors, with the distinct purpose of imparting courage and cheer. The key-note may perhaps be found in the quotation from Phillips Brooks: "Into every soul, just so far and just so fast as it is possible for that soul to receive it, God beats his life and gives his help."

That noble thought permeates the year's life as presented on the pages of this calendar.

The Paladins of Edwin the Great. By Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B. London: Adam and Charles Black.—This is a successful attempt to do a difficult thing, restore through the medium of a romance a definite historical period. Especially is the undertaking beset with obstacles when the period chosen is so remote and so briefly chronicled as that of 450 A.D. in the coming of Englishmen to England. The story is for boys and is written in very clear terse English. The incidents are extremely vivid and the characters of Porlor, Coelred and Lilla remain when once described as fixedly in the memory as Bulwer's Harold. The historical references are carefully given in condensed notes at the end of the volume, and include an immense amount of valuable and unusual information. The book is splendidly printed and illustrated, and makes an excellent gift book for boys.

Mere Literature. By Woodrow Wilson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co.—This odd title, though claimed by the author to be a "serious sneer," is, like other names given in spite, such as that of a "mere man," eventually shown to be a title of profound dignity. So that worth should be given to all the essays of this volume, though we fear many will be put off the trail of the good things here contained by the delusive title. The book contains eight admirable essays, most of which have been in the *Forum* or *Atlantic*, though the one on Burke appears here for the first time. It cannot be said that "Mere Literature" in any way suggests our finding here such fine historical treatises as those upon "A Calender of Great Americans" and "The Course of American History."

Cape Cod. By Henry David Thoreau. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—Thoreau's story of his adventures and rambles on Cape Cod was first printed in *Putnam's Magazine*, and published in book form, edited by W. E. Channing, 1864. This edition is a superb memorial of the affection in which the author is so widely held. No pains or expense has been spared to make the work in every respect beautiful and worthy. Indeed, it may be said to be the daintiest book of the season. Almost every

other page bears a delicate little marginal sketch in color, from drawings by Amelia W. Watson, characterizing the scenes, the fishermen, the weather-beaten homes, the distant sails, the seaweed, every object near or far which might attract the attention of the pedestrian.

The American Revolution. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. 2 vols.—This splendidly illustrated edition of one of the most valuable studies of any period in American history will be widely welcomed. The illustrations are themselves of real historical value,—authentic portraits, facsimiles of signatures and documents, old maps, caricatures and odd prints of scenes and incidents, photographs of seals, arms, old furniture, everything that could be procured which distinctly bore upon the subject matter. The surprising power which Mr. Fiske has of bringing out of the mass of detail the real issues, relations, causes, and effects makes his work as fascinating and entertaining as it is thorough and complete.

Audiences. By Florence P. Holden. Chicago: Mc Clurg & Co.—The title of this pleasantly written book of essays does not readily suggest the author's purpose. The names of the other essays are more enlightening,—*e. g.*, "The language of form," "The language of color," "The language of word." The whole purpose of the book is to suggest in a series of popular papers the principles of criticism. Of course no elaborate analysis is given, but the purpose is well served of imparting a better knowledge of the way to appreciate and understand art than is at all common.

The Century Book for Young Americans. By Elbridge S. Brooks. New York: Century Company.—If the young folks can swallow the artifice by which a tinge of story-telling is added to simple description and explanation, they may learn of something greatly to their advantage by accompanying the loquacious uncle who "personally conducts" a party of bright boys and girls to Washington. This book makes a capital Christmas present for boy or girl; it tells what both ought to know,—the organization and practical working of government, and with that the duties of citizenship.

Some Strange Corners of our Country. By Charles F. Lummis, New York: Century Company.— A capital book of short travels in our own country. Well, plentifully illustrated, brightly told, full of new things, certain to aid the growing interest in the many wonders still so unknown, though within the borders of our own land. Though this book has been published some time, it is not as widely known as it deserves to be.

To All Unitarians.

THE GUARANTEE PLAN

For the year ending April 30, 1897.

A guarantee is a promise to be responsible for the payment of $100, or such part thereof as may be called for by the treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, immediately after the close of the present year, which ends **April 30, 1897.**

The call of the treasurer will be governed, as to amount, by the results of the contributions, as follows: If the contributions by the churches and by individuals (exclusive of bequests) shall reach the sum of $80,000, then no call will be made. If the amount contributed shall be $55,000 (which sum represents the average for ten years past), then the amount called for will be $25,000.

As before stated, only $100 can be called for under one guarantee. Therefore, if the sum required should be $25,000, it would be necessary to have two hundred and fifty guarantees to produce it. The amount called for will be governed, as it will be seen from these two illustrations, by the amount of the contributions made by the churches and individuals (exclusive of bequests.)

If the number of guarantees should be increased to five hundred, then only fifty dollars would be called for under each guarantee, if the contributions should keep up to the average of ten years past. Therefore, it will be seen that the *greater* the number of guarantees secured, the *smaller* will be the amount called for under each guarantee.

The amount of each guarantee has been fixed at the sum of $100, so that the number of those able to engage in this work may be as great as possible.

It is contemplated by this that those who are able to do so will take a number of guarantees. If those who are interested in our work will enter heartily into this plan, send in their own guarantees, and induce their friends to do likewise, we shall make it possible for the work of the Association to be taken up again with more zeal than before, and with a much better promise of usefulness and success than has been possible for two years past.

All organizations connected in any way with the churches are invited to join in this work. What surer evidence of a desire to promote the cause of religion can be given than to assume one or more of these guarantees, and thus join with those who are engaged in the practical work of spreading Unitarian thought?

It will be remembered that this Association publishes all the books and tracts that are given away by the thousands each year. *Your help is needed this year.*

Will not all Unitarians join in this effort, and rejoice the hearts of those who are trying to spread the truths they love so dearly? Can we not have some practical evidence of this kind that you do care for our work that will encourage us in pushing it forward to greater success?

GEORGE W. STONE, *Treasurer.*

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A DOG'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY ESTELLE M. HART.

Yes, a Christmas-tree just for a dog, and he liked it, too. *Liked* it, did I say? He thought it was the loveliest thing he had ever seen, and barking couldn't half begin to express his feelings. His eyes, his ears, his feet, his tail, all were animated to the last degree, in his vain attempt to express his rapture.

Shep's mistress didn't have any little boys and girls at her house, and I suspect that Shep got a good deal of the petting that would have belonged to them if they had been there. But it was Tina, the maid, that thought of a Christmas-tree for his favored dogship. She got a tiny green tree, and set it up in a box, and hung it with popcorns and Shep's favorite candies. Then she placed it in the corner of the parlor, and Shep's mistress invited him in, and explained all about Christmas-trees to him, and told him that this was his very own. Don't you think he knew every word she said? Then why did he begin to bark with all his might, and jump around the tree, and around his mistress, and race about the room as if he had lost his wits, and then go over to the tree, and, sitting down beside it, put his little paws together and "beg" for some of the goodies "this very minute"?—that's what his eyes said. The tree lasted several days, for Shep's mistress dealt out the candies to him a few at a time; and how they did enjoy the fun!

That was two years ago. Last year Tina got another little tree, and dressed it up in her room, where no one could see it. When she had finished it, she opened the door and came out into the hall with it in her hands, intending to take it down into the parlor when no one was looking. But a pair of sharp eyes in the lower hall spied her the minute she started, and what an excitement there was! Don't you suppose that a dog can remember such a splendid thing as a Christmas-tree a whole year? If you don't, you would have been convinced if you could have seen the rapture that was expressed in every motion of his ecstatic little body, as he scampered up the stairs and round and round Tina, barking with all his might, and almost upsetting her and her precious burden. He superintended the placing of the tree in the parlor, then he rushed off, post-haste to tell his mistress. She was in her room, but a frantic barking outside the door told her that something important must be attended to at once. As soon as she appeared, Shep jumped upon her in wild delight, then rushed as fast as he could back to the parlor, barking to her all the way to "come quick." She followed him in, and there stood Tina and the Christmas-tree.

"Why, Tina," said her mistress, "I had forgotten all about it!"

But Shep said, "Not I"; and he suddenly sat down before it and began to beg.

Wasn't that a funny thing to please a dog?

This is a true story; and you may be sure that there will be another tiny tree for a merry little dog when Christmas comes again this year.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE AND ITS HISTORY.

This is the title of a long but interesting article by Dr. Alexander Tille, professor of German literature at Glasgow University. Once on Christmas Eve, so runs a Protestant legend, Luther was travelling alone across the country. Above him the sky shone bright and clear with thousands and thousands of stars; and the picture impressed him so deeply that, when he got home, he made it his first business to get a fir tree from the nearest wood, set it up in the house, and cover it over and over with wax-lights.

The tree was to be a picture to his children of the evening sky, with its innumerable lights, which the Lord Jesus left that night to come down to earth. This legend, however, is not old, and there is no proof in Luther's writings that the tree, with its

lights, dates back to the era of the Reformation.

Passing over all the folk-lore associated with the Christmas-tree in Germany, we come to Goethe and Schiller and the allusions they have made to it. It was in 1765, at Leipzig, in the house of Körner's grandmother, that Goethe first made the acquaintance of a Christmas tree. It was adorned with sweets, and under it lay a manger with a child Jesus, etc., made of sugar. In 1767 Goethe lent a hand in decking a tree for Christmas. In his works Schiller has never described a Christmas scene; but in 1790, after his marriage, he set up a Christmas tree in his own house.

By 1830 the custom had grown pretty prevalent in Germany. In some parts of Saxony an early morning service at six o'clock is held on Christmas Day. On the altar table there is a Christmas-tree, and every one is expected to take with him a candle or a lantern. The tree thus takes the place of the manger in the Christmas celebration of the Catholic South. To-day the tree is universal, even in Jewish families.

In 1840 Princess Helena of Orleans, introduced the custom at the Tuileries, and it was not long in making its way in France. The ex-Empress Eugénie has rendered similar service. In 1870 the German army kept Christmas in France, and now Paris requires some 40,000 Christmas-trees. The Christmas-tree found its way into London also through the royal palace. In 1840 Prince Albert became Prince Consort, and it was he who brought the Christmas-tree to the Court of St. James, whence it gradually, though slowly, made its way among the aristocracy, and now the custom is quite common in the metropolis; but in Scotland and Ireland it has scarcely got beyond the German families settled there.

THE COMING OF THE NEW YEAR.

Through the sombre stillness of a winter night galloped the New Year, to where, on Father Time's vast estate, in the loftiest room of his Castle Beautiful, the Old Year lay dying.

Feeble was the voice and white was the hand of the Old Year. The Young Year shrank from the touch of those trembling fingers.

"Why was I summoned to witness so sad a death scene?" he questioned of Father Time, who stood near the sufferer's bedside. "The Old Year is a stranger to me. I have been sent for needlessly; therefore, good Father Time, do not force me to look upon his suffering."

The Old Year, overhearing these low whispers, motioned the Young Year closer to his side. In a voice faint with exhaustion, he murmured:—

"I have sent for thee, O young Prince New Year, to wear the crown that for so brief a while has rested upon my forehead. The world lies at thy feet. Rule it wisely and well, as I have endeavored to rule it, until thy spirit, also, shall be summoned to walk amid the shadows of the past; so thy work shall be gratefully remembered and a blessing follow thee even unto the Unseen Land whither I am journeying."

The trees trembled in the wind; shivering clouds shadowed the sky. With a long-drawn, sighing breath, the Old Year parted from the world he had loved and served so well.

To what an inheritance had the young Prince New Year been called! All the wealth and wisdom of past ages, carefully treasured, rested with the world at the foot of the throne; but Prince New Year rejoiced not in their magnificence. He was to wear the Old Year's golden crown; but how could he lead the grand old world? Trials and temptations manifold and powerful lay before them. The Young Year shrank from the responsibility of his position. Seeking relief from perplexity, he turned his troubled face eastward. There banners of glowing light heralded the dawning day. Slowly the brightness struggled upward into the dusky, over-hanging sky. From before it all shadows fled. The Young Year, beholding, waved his hand exultantly to the morning sun, and cried in tones of joy to the roused and expectant world: "We will move with the light upward. So shall the prophetic words of your departed king, the good Old Year, be fulfilled; and a blessing shall come to us now, to stay with us forevermore!"

MAUD L. COTTON.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

It will be seen by reference to the cover that we are keeping an *index* to every item of news from our churches. At the end of each year that index is given to every subscriber, so that references to what has taken place in any society can easily be made.

Has your church an item of news in this number of the *Unitarian?* We should be glad to have you represented, and will gladly publish every month any announcements, notices, or news which you will send us. The *Unitarian* is a parish paper, and its interest is in every parish.

Athol, Mass.— *Second Church:* Our church showed its interest in the Athol Country Week by giving three times as much as all the other churches put together. Of the $182.96 raised for this most deserving charity, the Unity Club gave $4, the Sunday-school $22.68, and the church $114.03. Our vesper services, which are held the first Sunday of each month in place of the guild service, are well attended, and promise to become popular with all lovers of good church music. About a year ago one of our members, Mr. George W. Bishop, was appointed railroad commissioner; and, at the recent election, another good member of the church, Mr. Harding R. Barber, brother of Prof. H. H. Barber, was elected Senator. We feel proud of being able to furnish such men.

The Thanksgiving service, in which all the local churches always unite, this year was held the evening before Thanksgiving, —*i.e.*, Wednesday evening, November 25; and our pastor, Rev. Carl G. Horst, preached the sermon. The annual collection for the American Unitarian Association will be taken up the first Sunday of this month. Thursday evening, November 19, Mrs. Fifield gave an interesting talk on the work of the Women's Alliance, with the purpose of organizing a Branch in our church.

In reporting one of the recent guild services, the Athol *Transcript* says: "The Guild of the Good Shepherd continues to grow, as an auxiliary to the work done by the Second Unitarian Church; and its meetings are of the most helpful and beneficial kind. The range of subjects is varied, and trenches upon nearly all which are discussed in the pulpit. At the meeting last Sunday evening, the large number present had the pleasure of listening to a very interesting essay read by Miss Stella Barlow, who took charge of the meeting, on "Discipleship to Jesus." This contained a great many fine thoughts which help and uplift. Rev. Mr. Horst spoke at some length upon the same subject, in his usual pithy and interesting style. Mr. Horst always has apt words for his hearers. Others offered extracts in the way of poems, selections, etc. Mrs. Warren West rendered two beautiful vocal solos. There was the usual singing of anthems and hymns and responsive and Scripture readings. The meeting throughout was one of interest and benefit to all. It was voted to use $5 for benevolent purposes, to be left in the hands of the benevolent committee.

Berkeley, Cal.—The parish was cheered by the large number of Unitarian women from Alameda, Oakland, and the two churches in San Francisco, who visited us on October 18, bearing warm, social greetings and big luncheons. Mrs. Wattles presided, Miss Easton read an interesting paper, the Misses Henry and Roeth gave us charming songs and recitations, and Mrs. Wilkes and others urged us to "stick" to our church through her trial. Mr. Payne, our minister, is one of the most eloquent and spiritually helpful preachers in our denomination. The parish is blessed and uplifted by his ministrations. He is perfect in every relation of life, revered and beloved.

Bernardston, Mass.— The women belonging to the Unitarian society are preparing to hold their annual fair and festival November 30. Rev. Mr. Birks has been training the young people of his parish in the musical line; and on the 30th of this month the Fraternity, numbering over fifty members, gave a musical and literary entertainment under his direction, it being a prize contest. $25 remained from the proceeds for the treasury. The fraternity not only assist each other, but contribute toward the parish expenses. Their meetings are held every Sabbath evening at the church parlors with good attendance. Often those who do not attend any church may be seen there. The meetings are conducted mostly by the young people; although the pastor is always present, and ready with his words of encouragement. The parsonage has recently been renovated, and put in good repair, Mr. Birks himself doing most of the decorating. The parish has not been in so good a condition for many years, and the congregations are increasing.

Boston, Mass.—*Boston Unitarian Club:* The monthly meeting, held Wednesday evening, November 11, was one of the most interesting in the history of the Club. A large part of this interest was furnished by the ladies who, at the invitation of the Club, were present to grace the occasion. It is seldom that the Club indulges in luxury of this kind; but the brilliant success of its hospitality in this direction will, no doubt, be a strong temptation to repeat the success whenever it can command a sufficient excuse. On this occasion the admirable excuse was furnished of a reception to the president of the Club, Hon. Roger Wolcott, Acting Governor and Governor-elect of Massachusetts, and Mrs. Wolcott. The reception was held in the parlors of the Vendome, from 5.30 to 6.30 P.M.; and Unitarians prominent in every walk of life had an opportunity to meet the Governor and Mrs. Wolcott, and to congratulate Mr. Wolcott upon receiving the greatest majority ever conferred upon a Governor of Massachusetts. The dinner, held in a large dining-room of the Vendome, was attended by some three hundred and twenty ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Francis Lowell, vice-president of the Club, presided; and addresses were made by Gov. Wolcott, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., Hon. Sherman Hoar, and Samuel J. Barrows, who was congratulated upon his recent election to Congress.

Brockton, Mass.—The Unitarian Club of Brockton and vicinity held its first regular meeting of the season in the vestry of the Unity Church on the evening of Thursday, November 19. The occasion was a very enjoyable one to all present,—some one hundred and thirty in number. A fine collation, served by caterer George E. Bryant, 2d, first engaged the attention of the members of the club and invited guests. The election of officers for the ensuing year then followed, Rev. Rush R. Shippen being re-elected president, with a long list of vice-presidents, Richard W. Nutter secretary and treasurer, and F. B. Howard, A. C. Thompson, and O. A. Miller directors.

A musical treat was furnished by Mr. Leon Van Vliet, the famous 'cello player of Boston, and by Mr. Fred. S. Sprague, basso. The address of the evening was by Rev. Charles G. Ames, pastor of the Church of the Disciples, Boston, his subject being "Good Society," and was replete with original and witty sayings, of dry, New England humor. Good society, he said, must not be confounded with fashionable society. The four sins of the latter were ostentation, exclusiveness, insincerity, and servility. Exclusiveness is never more selfish than in religion. He quoted the statement of James Freeman Clarke that the Unitarians of a certain place were dying of dignity. In closing, he suggested that many more people might come to the bread of life, if it were more often spread with the butter of human kindness.

The next meeting of the club will be held on the third Thursday of December.

Chelsea, Mass.—The fortnightly Sunday evening services conducted by the Young People's Religious Union are admirable in every detail, and reflect honor upon the union. Two services were held in October which were helpful and encouraging, and two in November,—the topics being, successively, "Service: Man's Duty to Man," and "Worship: The Need of the Human Soul." The Chelsea Branch of the Women's Alliance, co-operative with the Social Circle, gave a sale on Thursday and Friday evenings and Saturday afternoon and evening, November 19, 20, and 21, for the benefit of the church. On Thursday and Friday evenings the unique entertainment, "Notable Books in Novel Covers," J. A. J. Wilcox, librarian, was presented; and a special entertainment for the children was given on Saturday afternoon. The work of the Alliance is largely confined to its home field, it being one source for the reimbursement of the church treasury. Under the presidency of Mrs. Reccord, it has increased to a membership of forty. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells gave an address at the October meeting, and Rev. A. P. Reccord spoke before its meeting in November. Each occasion was followed by an informal reception and a social hour.

Chicago, Ill.—*First Church:* Mr. Fenn left for Cambridge on November 7, to fulfil his duties as University Preacher to Harvard College. During his absence Rev. Mr. Crothers of Cambridge supplied the pulpit of the First Church. Mr. Crothers, while in the city, also spoke before the Free Religious Union in the University of Chicago, and attended the Illinois and Wisconsin State Conferences. The Women's Alliance has had successful meetings this year, and will give its annual fair and dinner on December 9. It is now expected that the new Memorial Chapel will be completed early in the spring. Meanwhile, Mr. Fenn holds services every Sunday afternoon in a hall in the same neighborhood; and, considering the disadvantages of the meeting-place, the services are very well attended. Mr. C. E. Park, a son of the late Mr. Park, of the Pittsfield Unitarian church and a descendant of Dr. Park of Boston, is assisting Mr. Fenn in his church work, and pursuing a course of theology in the Chicago University, under Mr. Fenn's direction.

—*Unity Church:* An encouraging spirit of activity prevails in the various departments of the church work. The Ladies' Aid Society, in addition to its regular work of making garments to be distributed through the Elm Street Settlement, is sewing for the Children's Aid Society and for the

Burling Half-orphan Asylum. It has been decided not to hold a fair this year, as has been the custom in past years, but to raise the money necessary to carry on the work of the Aid Society by a series of social entertainments. The first of these entertainments, which was a combined "birthday" and "library" party, was held on the evening of October 30, and proved a great success, both socially and financially. Mr. Bulkeley attended the Illinois State Conference, held at Sterling, November 10–12, and spoke twice, once on "Positive Religion," and again on "The Young People's Religious Union." He spoke on the latter topic at the Wisconsin State Conference, held in Milwaukee, November 11–13, and also addressed the annual Congress of Free Religious Societies, whose sessions were held at Indianapolis the third week of November. On Sunday evening, November 15, Mr. Bulkeley went to Hobart, Ind., to preach before a liberal congregation, which has been meeting there for some time, but which has no pastor.

—*Third Church:* This church has had a serious misfortune in the loss of the church building, which was completely destroyed by fire on Sunday, October 25, just at the hour of morning service. The directors of the Lewis Institute kindly offered the use of that building till other arrangements could be made, and the congregation is now meeting there. The future course of the society has not been definitely decided upon; but it is probable that steps will be taken to secure a new building site, farther removed from the centre of the city.

Concord, N.H.—The topics of some of Rev. Frank L. Phalen's recent sermons have been, "All Saints' Day," "Theories and Facts about Religion," "The Master's Defence of his Gospel." Our church was represented at the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Unitarian Association recently held at Keene, N.H., by the pastor and several members of the society. Rev. F. L. Phalen assisted at the installation of Rev. G. H. Rice, the new pastor of the Unitarian church at Laconia, N.H., November 6. Mr. Phalen gave the right hand of fellowship.

Hyde Park, Mass.—The first in the series of vesper services occurred at the First Unitarian Church, on November 8, at five o'clock. The address was by the pastor, Rev. A. G. Pettengill. The choir was assisted by Mrs. A. B. Stockbridge, soprano, Mrs. Frances E. Porter, contralto, Mr. A. B. Stockbridge, 'cello, Mr. George E. Doty, bass. This meeting was well attended, despite the rain. These afternoon vespers will occur the second and fourth Sundays during the coming months. The music is under the direction of J. A. Crowley. In the vestry, Thursday evening, November 12, Rev. A. G. Pettengill and his bride were given a reception which proved a happy and pleasant occasion. The rooms were prettily trimmed with ferns and flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Pettengill were assisted in receiving by ex-Senator and Mrs. Darling and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bryant. Refreshments were served by the young ladies of Miss Straw's class, and there were many evidences of the high esteem in which the pastor and his wife are held.

Keene, N.H.—The Unitarian club of Keene, N.H., held its first meeting of the season on Wednesday evening, November 11, in the parish house. Fifty-three members were present. Rev. Arthur May Knapp spoke in a very happy vein of "The Characteristics of the Japanese." The following officers were elected: President, George B. Twitchell, M.D.; vice-president, F. C. Faulkner, Esq.; secretary and treasurer, F. E. Howe; executive committee, Rev. C. B. Elder, F. W. Chase, W. R. Porter. The club begins this eighth year of its existence with increased membership.

Lowell, Mass.—The Middlesex North Association of Unitarian Ministers met on Tuesday of last week with Rev. and Mrs. George C. Wright. The weather was good, the attendance large, and the papers interesting. The essay was by Rev. Granville Pierce of Chelmsford, the sermon by Rev. Isaac F. Porter of Littleton, and the book review by Rev. Enoch Powell of Nashua.

Middleboro, Mass.—The ordination of Frederic C. Brown and his installation as pastor of the First Unitarian Church of Middleboro, Mass., occurred on the afternoon of November 10, with the following order of service: organ voluntary; anthem, "I will magnify Thee"; invocation, Rev. R. W. Boynton, Roslindale; reading of Scripture, Rev. J. F. Tucker, Middleboro; hymn; sermon, Rev. John Cuckson, Boston; solo, "The Holy City," F. J. Parsons, Boston; prayer, Rev. C. A. Allen, Bridgewater; response; right hand of fellowship, Rev. R. W. Boynton, Roslindale; hymn (written for the occasion by F. A. Eaton, Lodi, Wis.); charge to minister, Rev. R. R. Shippen, Brockton; address to people, Rev. J. P. Forbes, Taunton; hymn; benediction, Rev. F. C. Brown.

Needham, Mass.—The annual harvest concert of the First Parish Sunday-school was held November 1. The table and platform were covered with fruits and vegetables brought as harvest offerings to the Children's Mission. All united in a praise service of responsive readings, song, and prayer. Harvest Bible texts were repeated by the classes in turn, songs were sung, and poems recited. The pastor, Rev. P. S. Thacher, gave an interesting talk to the children.

New York, N.Y.—The Church of the Messiah, at the corner of Park Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, was crowded to its utmost November 22 by members of the congregation, who came to see Rev. Minot J. Savage, DD., installed as associate pastor to Rev. Robert Collyer, pastor of the church. The church was decorated with palms, while in the chancel were large palm plants and bunches of chrysanthemums. The installation services began shortly after eight o'clock, and were impressive throughout. An invocation by Rev. Stephen H. Camp of the Third Unitarian Church of Brooklyn was followed by the reading of a Scriptural selection by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot of the First Unitarian Church of Brooklyn. Then, after a hymn by Rev. D. W. Morehouse, superintendent of missions, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., of Boston delivered a short sermon. He said: "The installation of a minister is the new consecration of the church. And to-night we have no need to go into argument or illustration as to the value of such institutions as churches, as to the need of religious instruction, or as to the worth of what got itself called the ministry of religion. Our friend seeks new consecration to-night for the duties of such a ministry; and this church pledges itself to God, and its members pledge themselves to each other to-night, as they seek new consecration in their share of the duties of such a ministry. And the great reality which must occupy our thoughts to-night, as we pray and as we resolve, is the truth that together we must enter this work, or there will be no success in this church. To-night this minister and this church are consecrated anew for the higher life of this people."

Rev. Robert Collyer offered prayer, and asked that all love the new pastor and prayed that his work be blessed. Rev. Merle St. C. Wright welcomed Dr. Savage in behalf of the congregation and the clergymen. Rev. E. C. Bolles, D.D., of the Church of the Eternal Hope, delivered the charge to Dr. Savage, and stated that he would find the field for work large and plenty of it. Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn delivered the address to the people, and asked the congregation to work with the new minister and love him, and success would follow.

Dr. Savage made a short address, in which he promised to co-operate with the revered pastor, Rev. Dr. Collyer, in extending the influence of the church and in working for the uplifting of the people committed to his ministerial care.

Oakland, Cal.—A very remarkable service was held at the First Congregational Church, October 31. It was a service of commemoration of the three hundred and seventy-ninth anniversary of the Protestant Reformation. In Germany the Reformation is dated from the day (Oct. 31, 1517) on which the intrepid monk, alone and single-handed, following the dictates of his own God-inspired conscience, nailed on the church door at Wittenberg his ninety-five Latin theses against the abuses of Rome.

The idea of such a service was suggested by Rev. C. W. Wendte, and heartily taken up by all the Protestant ministers of the city. The following ministers took part: Invocation, Rev. C. R. Brown of the First Congregational Church; address, Rev. R. F. Coyle of the First Presbyterian Church; address, "Sketch of the Life of Martin Luther," by Rev. J. E. Bushnell, D.D., pastor First English Evangelical Lutheran Church; address by Rev. Prof. Frank H. Foster, D.D., of the Pacific Theological Seminary; address by Rev. Alfred Kummer, D.D., pastor First Methodist Episcopal Church; anthem, "The Hallelujah Chorus," by Handel, sung by the united choirs; offering, introduced by Rev. E. S. Chapman, D.D., pastor Market Street Congregational Church; remarks by Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D., president Pacific Theological Seminary; exhibit of stereopticon views illustrating "The Protestant Reformation and Luther's Life," with remarks by Rev. C. W. Wendte, pastor First Unitarian Church; closing hymn, "America," announced by Rev. F. J. Mynard, rector St. John's Episcopal Church; benediction by Rev. Dr. Jefferson, president Christian Bible Seminary.

Philadelphia, Pa.—On the 6th of November, 1876, Rev. C. G. Ames delivered in the Hall of the Spring Garden Institute the first of a series of Sunday evening lectures, intended particularly for persons who were not in the habit of attending any church. These meetings resulted in the formation of the Spring Garden Unitarian society, of which Dr. Ames became the first minister. In commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the first service, Mr. Ames repeated on the 8th inst. the address then delivered, which had lost nothing either of its power or appropriateness. He was assisted in the service by Rev. Joseph May, LL.D., and Rev. Frederic A. Hinckley. The new church now being erected by this society is expected to be completed early next year.

Redlands, Cal.—We regret to learn that our honored and beloved fellow-worker in this charming town, Rev. J. Frederick Dutton, is compelled, by the serious condition of his health, to give up his pastorate and all ministerial work whatever. It is hoped that rest and the winter sunshine may restore him to some degree of health and the enjoyment of life. It is quite a severe blow to the society, which has embarked in the enterprise of building a

church edifice. We learn that Dr. Fay and Mrs. Fay are temporarily looking after the pulpit. It is hoped to secure a successor to Mr. Dutton at once, and negotiations to this end are already in progress with an Eastern clergyman.

Reno, Nev.—A Sunday-school and Unity Circle is maintained here, of whose work we hope some time to be able to report with better knowledge.

Rowe, Mass.—In the Unitarian church in Rowe, Mass., on the evening of October 14, occurred the ordination and installation of Rev. Edward Pearson Pressey, A.B. The weather was most unfavorable, and many were disappointed in not being able to be present; but to those who were it was a most interesting and impressive occasion. The old church was very appropriately and tastefully decorated with autumn foliage and a few flowers. After a voluntary, the opening prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Anderson of Pittsfield. The sermon was by Rev. Dr. G. C. Cressey of Northampton. The ordaining prayer and charge to the people were by Rev. D. M. Wilson of Boston; the right hand of fellowship by Rev. Alfred Free of Turner's Falls. The charge to the minister was by Rev. Stilman Barber of Bernardston, who was ordained in the same church in 1850. A feature of the service was a hymn written for the occasion by Mr. Pressey. There were solos by Miss Bessie Smith and Mr. F. A. Browning of Rowe. The doxology and a benediction by the pastor closed the service.

Salem, Mass.— The newly established teachers' meetings have been well attended, and are both interesting and instructive. Rev. H. C. MacDougall of Marblehead assists the Salem ministers in discussing the lessons.

—The North Church is to hold a series of vesper services on Sunday afternoons, at four o'clock.

—The Alliance of the Barton Square Church held a very successful "Birthday Party" at the vestry on the evening of November 16.

San Bernardino, Cal.—After a long suspension, a modest movement toward a liberal Sunday-school is being inaugurated here. May it grow into a church again!

San Diego, Cal.—The new building of the Unitarian church was formally opened on Sunday, October 25. A congregation of over four hundred tested the seating capacity, and found it adequate. A flood of light poured down from above, symbolizing that light of inspiration which fills the soul with truth. Profuse floral decorations, symbolizing the bounty and beauty of nature in this genial clime, made the spacious platform a veritable garden of beauty and perfume. A choir of twelve voices rendered a fine musical programme; and the pastor, with the joy of achieved hope beaming on his face, gave a sermon on "Our Message" which filled the hearts of his hearers with a new conception of the responsibilities and opportunities of the Unitarian cause, and opened the eyes of many to the real meaning of our gospel. In the evening a platform meeting was held, with special music, and short addresses from the pastor, Mrs. Horton, Messrs. Luce, Hendricks, and Meakin, with a brief report from Mr. White, the treasurer. This report showed that the average attendance in 1895 was 125, and, for thus far in 1896, 223; that, with the exception of one rainy Sunday in February, the lowest attendance on any Sunday in 1896 was above the average of 1895. This showing indicates the hopeful outlook for the future.

The following is an account of the new building from the *Sun* of San Diego: "The general exterior plan of the building is on the old mission style. It is forty-seven feet wide, ninety-seven feet long, and about forty feet high in the clear. The outside walls are of plaster and cement, and the interior is finished throughout in mountain pine and cedar. No windows or doors of any kind appear on either side of the entire building; but the building is excellently lighted, for all that, by a large number of skylights, which let in a copious flood of light from above. There is also a large, circular window of stained glass on the street front over the entrance. The building is entered through a double lobby, or entrance, with two sets of plate-glass storm-doors, thus preventing any draft through the entrance, and dividing the lobby into two rooms, making it very convenient for lodge purposes. On either side of the entrance are large cloak and hat rooms, sixteen by eighteen feet, off from which are wash-rooms and closets. The platform at the west end is sixteen by twenty-seven feet in size, and on the right side is the library and pastor's reception-room; while on the other is a completely furnished kitchen, with range, patent dishwasher, and all kitchen conveniences. The auditorium will be seated with white cedar folding benches and opera chairs. The seating capacity will be about four hundred in ordinary circumstances, but six hundred can be crowded in without serious inconvenience. The acoustic properties of the hall are as nearly perfect as possible, a voice of ordinary strength being plainly audible in all parts of the house."

San Francisco, Cal.—*First Church:* Dr. Stebbins has preached several strong

sermons during the past month. The French lectures of the Channing Auxiliary have been very interesting and well attended. Dr. and Mrs. Stebbins invited the young people of the church to meet them on Saturday evening, October 24, in the church parlors. There was a general response; and the evening was pleasantly spent in conversation and social intercourse, and in discussing what should be undertaken for Christmas. "The Birds' Christmas Carol" was chosen.

—*Second Church:* The energies of the ladies of the Second Unitarian Church are at present largely absorbed in preparing for the bazaar to be held in December; but, in the mean time, they have made arrangements for two other entertainments to take place in the near future.

Santa Barbara, Cal.—Mrs. Harriet Kelsey Fay has recently supplied the pulpit, with great acceptance, in the continued absence of the minister, Mr. E. R. Dinsmore, at the East. Rev. Mrs. E. T. Wilkes spoke for "Woman Suffrage" in this town on the 13th of October.

Santa Maria, Cal.—During the month of June last, Mrs. Weaver, the Unitarian pastor's wife, organized a "Travel Class" for the purpose of teaching history, geography, biography, art, etc., illustrating the lessons with lantern-slides. The class, composed of the young people of the town, meets in the Unitarian hall every Friday evening. It was organized with sixteen members, and now numbers more than seventy. The many expressions of appreciation from members of the class, especially high-school scholars, parents, and even teachers, indicate the helpfulness the class has been to all who have attended.

An entertainment, "The Carnival of Nations," given by Mrs. Weaver on a recent evening, in McMillan's Hall, to provide means to meet the current expenses of this class, was in every way a success. Five nations were represented, with forty characters in costume. The programme consisted of marches, dances, court scenes, recitations, music, etc. Refreshments were also served. The hall was crowded to its utmost with an enthusiastic audience; and the net proceeds were considerably beyond the amount that had been anticipated, insuring the future success of the class.

At present the pastor of the Unitarian society is giving a course of Sunday morning sermons on "The Distinctive Doctrines of Unitarian Faith." For Sunday evenings he has resumed a course of lectures, begun last year, on "The Heroes of the Past, to whom We are Indebted for our Heritage of Liberal Thought." One of each Sunday's discourses continues to appear in one of our town papers, doing missionary work for our liberal cause in a field far beyond the limits of the hall where they are delivered.

Springfield, Mass.— An interesting course of lectures has been given by the pastor at the evening services of the Church of the Unity, during the month of November. Four religious leaders of England and Scotland have been taken up,— John Wycliffe, Hugh Latimer, Thomas Cranmer, and John Knox. The Woman's Alliance held its meeting November 5. After a paper read by Miss Frances Fowler on "Unitarianism in the Early Church" the "value of doctrinal study" was discussed. The Unity Club has been organized with the following officers: President, Rev. Bradley Gilman; vice-president, Joseph F. Pynchon; secretary, Miss Clara R. Orne; treasurer, George A. Bacon. The purpose of this club is to promote social life among the young people in the church, and by a series of entertainments to raise a little money for church work. The first entertainment—a coffee party, given November 19—was a very pleasant affair. The King's Daughters and the Post-office Mission have held their regular meetings this month. The Peabody Circle has held its annual sale.

St. Louis, Mo.—The literary programme of the Church of the Messiah for this winter is: December 2, "Stephen Crane and his Verses," William Schuyler; December 16, "Disraeli," Rev. Leon Harrison; January 6, "The Legend of the Grail," Mrs. J. C. Learned; January 20, "Leaves from a Sketch-book," George W. Chambers; February 3, "An Evening with the Poets," Rev. John Snyder; February 17, "Jackson and Clay: Two Types of American Statesmen," William Schuyler; March 3, "England and South Africa," Leverett Bell. A union service was held on Thanksgiving Day in Rev. Mr. Hosmer's church, Rabbi Sale, Rabbi Harrison, Mr. Hosmer, and Mr. Snyder all taking part. Our Sunday-school had an entertainment the night before Tranksgiving. They all brought fruit for a fruit shower; the fruit was given to our Mission Home for the children's Thanksgiving dinner.

Wellesley Hills.—A sale of useful and fancy articles will be held by the ladies of the Unitarian society on Wednesday, December 9, beginning at eleven o'clock A.M., and on Thursday, December 10, beginning at 2 P.M.

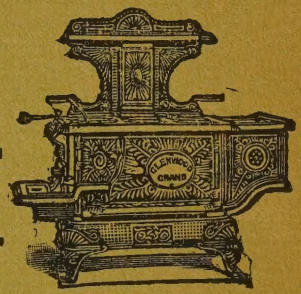
West Buxton, Me.—In this town Unitarian services have been held for about a month. The superintendent, assisted by Rev. J. L. Marsh of Saco, has gathered together a large congregation; and Mr. C. E. Ordway, a graduate of Meadville Theological School, is now devoting his energies to the establishing of a society.

GLENWOOD RANGES

MAKE

COOKING EASY.

THREE GOLD MEDALS.



WEIR STOVE COMPANY, TAUNTON, MASS,
Agents in All Prominent Cities and Towns in New England.

GOD OR MAN?

The Latest Contribution to Unitarian Literature

"Every Unitarian church should have a few copies of this pamphlet to be circulated from the vestibule table."

Package of 6 copies mailed to any address on receipt of six two-cent stamps. One hundred copies for a dollar and a half.

Published by "THE UNITARIAN"
141 Franklin St., Boston

Every Other Sunday.

. . A BI-WEEKLY . .

An eight-page paper for the Sunday-school and the home. This Unitarian publication contains stories, articles, poems, and illustrations, together with a "Letter-box," "Editor's Chair," and other regular departments. *Subscription price 40 cents a year*, but subscribers in the Boston postal district are required by the postal laws to pay 20 cents more. 22 numbers constitute a volume.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

FREE READING! Unitarian tracts and other liberal religious literature sent free on application to Miss ELLEN A. CALL, 35 Summer Street, Lawrence, Mass.

(Take notice to-day. This ad. will not appear again.)

$150 IN GOLD

FREE! FREE! TO Women

Who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in INDUSTRIOUS? You can make twenty or more words, we feel sure; and, if you do, you will receive a good reward. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word. Use no language except English. Words spelled alike, but with different meaning, can be used but once. Use any dictionary. Plurals, pronouns, nouns, verbs, adverbs, prefixes, suffixes, adjectives, proper nouns allowed. Anything that is a legitimate word will be allowed. Work it out in this manner: In, into, industrious, no, not, nut, nuts, dust, dusts, us, sit, sits, etc. Use these words in your list. The publisher of WOMAN'S WORLD AND JENNESS MILLER MONTHLY will pay $20.00 in gold to the person able to make the largest list of words from the letters in the word INDUSTRIOUS; $12.00 for the second largest; $10.00 for the third; $8.00 for the fourth; $5.00 for the ten next largest; and $2.00 each for the twenty-five next largest lists. The above rewards are given free and without consideration, for the purpose of attracting attention to our handsome woman's magazine, twenty-four pages, ninety-six long columns, finely illustrated, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors, price $1.00 per year. It is necessary for you, to enter the contest, to send 12 two-cent stamps for a three months' trial subscription with your list of words; and every person sending the 24 cents and a list of twenty words or more is guaranteed an extra present by return mail (in addition to the magazine) of a 200-page book, "Doris' Fortune," by Florence Warden, a love story of intense interest. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case, or your money refunded. Lists should be sent at once, and not later than January 20. The names and addresses of successful contestants will be printed in February issue, published in January. Our publication has been established nine years. We refer you to any mercantile agency for our standing. Make your list now. Address J. H. PLUMMER, Publisher, 905 Temple Court Building Department, New York City.

PROCTOR ACADEMY, ANDOVER, N.H.
For both sexes. Healthful location. Liberal management. Expenses low. Prepares for college, or for teaching, etc. For catalogue, address
JAMES F. MORTON, A.M., Principal.

MAPLEBANK.
HOME SCHOOL FOR BOYS
In the family of Rev. Eugene De Normandie, Danvers, Mass. The best of care and instruction guaranteed. Most healthful location and all things conducive to the happiness and well-being of the boys. Send for catalogue, containing full particulars. Address
HENRY N. DE NORMANDIE, Danvers, Mass.

BOOKS TO BUY.

Messages of Faith, Hope, and Love. Selections for Every Day in the Year from the Writings of James Freeman Clarke. 342 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

"Rich in thought, tender, sweet, and reverent."—*The Advance.*

Members of One Body. By Rev. Samuel M. Crothers. Six Sermons preached at Unity Church, St. Paul, Minn. 132 pages. Cloth, 75 cents. Paper, 50 cents.

Contents: *I. Roman Catholicism; II. Calvinism; III. Methodism; IV. Rationalism; V. Mysticism; VI. The Unity of Christendom.*

In the whole list of Liberal Religious books, past and present, it would be hard to find any series of utterances freer with the true freedom—more ingenuous, more appreciative, more prophetic of the unity that is to be, more religiously "satisfying"—than Mr. Crothers gives us in these six discourses. The outline alone, which each chapter contains, of the stronger, more helpful points in the various schemes of religious thought and life discussed, renders the book invaluable.

The Evolution of Christianity. By M. J. Savage. 178 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

Contents: *Old World Religion; Judaism and its Hopes; Conditions when Christianity was born; Jesus and what he Attempted; The Influence of the Christ Idea; The First Church and Paul; The Problem of the Trinity; The Church of Rome; Growth away from Jesus; The Protestant Revolution, Science and the Church; Free Christianity.*

"One would seek in vain for a more enlightened application of the scientific method to the history of religion; and no one can believe that, if close reasoning and rational faith could convert, Mr. Savage's words might bear a message to those who are without the churches and within. One reads with pleasure and confidence and hopefulness, and finds the end come all too quickly."—*Boston Times.*

Light on the Cloud; or, Hints of Comfort for Hours of Sorrow. By M. J. Savage. 176 pages. Cloth, gilt edges, $1.25.

A collection of prose and verse from Mr. Savage's own writings.

Heart-Beats. By Protap Chunder Mozoomdar. A Book of Meditations. With Portrait and Biographical Sketch of the Author. Cloth, red edges, $1.50. White, full gilt, $2.00.

"Its poetic title is suggestive of its contents. It is a collection of brief paragraphs, which are not so much the scintillations of the intellect as poems of the imagination and pulsations of the heart. In this volume Mr. Mozoomdar has transcribed some of his profoundest personal experiences. Here we have the music of a soul uttered now in a plaintive minor key, here in some deep passionate threnody, or soaring into ecstasy of joy, or breathing the calmness and quietude of peace with God. The book is an illustration of the lofty heights to which devotional sentiment may rise, free from all tinge of superstition."—*Christian Register.*

Jesus and the Men about Him. By Charles F. Dole. 81 pages. Cloth, 50 cents. Paper, 25 cents.

No one can read Mr. Dole's little book without counting him a friend who makes us personally acquainted with the long apprehended but never before closely seen people of the gospel story.

Christmas Stories and March Violets. By Elizabeth P. Cordner. Translated from the German. Square 12mo, $1.00.

Old and New Unitarian Belief. By Rev. John W. Chadwick. 246 pages. Cloth, $1.50.

Contents: *Historical Introduction; The Doctrine of Man; Concerning God; The Bible; Christianity; Concerning Jesus; The Future Life; The Great Salvation; Loss and Gain.*

"Mr. Chadwick's volume has the merit of giving the best popular history of Unitarian doctrine that has come to our notice."—*The Nation.*

Kindling Thoughts. By Elizabeth P. Channing. 315 pages. Cloth, $1.25.

Contains fifty-seven brief essays, such as *Dew upon the Heart; The Angel in the Shadow; A Disappointed Life; Plain Living and High Thinking; The Spiritual Tangle; The Charm of the Old; Accepting ourselves as we are; etc.*

"It is a long time since anything so brightly refreshing as these Kindling Thoughts has come to us.... They are full of that best cheer which comes from the deepest, clearest springs of faith."—*Unitarian.*

Afterglow. Four Discourses. By Frederic A. Hinckley. 81 pages. Cloth, 50 cents.

There are few who, reading it, will not be strongly attracted to this little book. It is written out of life,—out of the struggling, perplexing, troublous, hopeful, aspiring life we all know and dread and delight in. And *grow* in. And this is how the book is to help us.

The Deeper Meanings. By Frederic A. Hinckley. 89 pages. Cloth, 50 cents.

"A little handbook of precious thought and insight, throbbing with the *newer* meanings which always spring from 'deeper meanings.'"—*Unity.*

A Year of Miracle: A Poem in Four Sermons. By Rev. Wm. C. Gannett. 106 pages. Cloth, limp, red edges, 50 cents. Fine edition, bevelled edges, full gilt, heavy paper, $1.00.

"A dainty little book, full of delicate fragrance. Love of nature is in it, and a longing to interpret that secret of nature's power over the soul which no man has yet understood. There is devotion in it, too, and neither clashes with the other."—*Critic.*

The Insight of Faith. Brief Selected Paragraphs from the Writings of Rev. Henry W. Foote. 115 pages. Flexible cloth, 50 cents. Morocco, full gilt, $1.50.

"Rarely does one find a little volume so full of helpful and precious words. Devotional in spirit and uplifting in aim."—*Christian Inquirer.*

Bird-Bolts. Studies of Every-day. By Rev. Francis Tiffany. 180 pages. Cloth, 75 cents.

"Thirty-three brief, spicy sketches, reminding one of Charles Dudley Warner. 'Written in a piquant, taking style, but full of deep philosophy and food for thought.'" *Indianapolis News.*

Christmas Day and all the Year. Stories from the *Christian Register.* By Mrs. Fanny B. Ames. 306 pages. With Frontispiece. Cloth, extra, $1.00.

****For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by*

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.